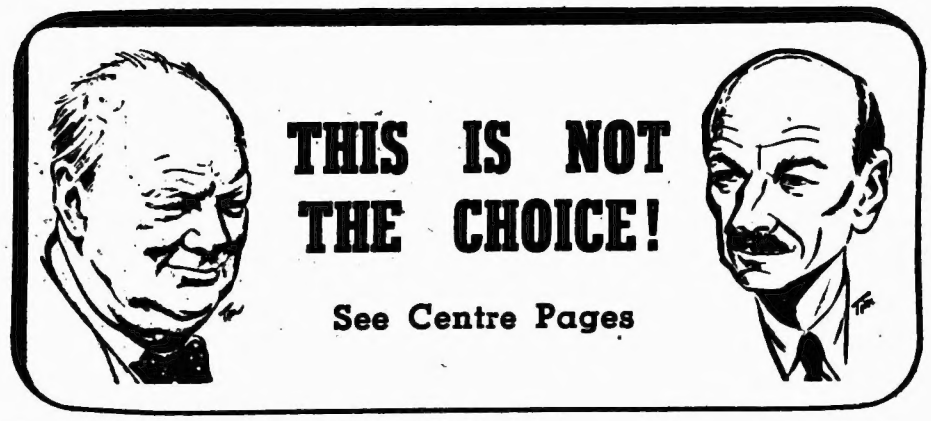
Week ending June 30 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday



You've earned your Guinness—it'll do you good

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.1241.E

Did you **MACLEAN** your teeth today?

You can gather—I did

*Macleans Tooth Paste—***1/1** *per tube*

HERE'S TO THE FUTURE!

HAPPY DAYS—
PEACE AND PROSPERITY
AND MORE

GILBEY'S GIN AND GILBEY'S PORT

FRY'S COCOA
with the real chocolate flavour

THE FAMILY FOOD DRINK · 5D QTR LB · 9½D HALF LB

C767.24545

His "Unconditional Surrender"

He was handsome . . . he was wonderful . . . and he was as remote as a statue. Daphne tried smiles, perms and new dresses. Then she tried Poudre Tokalon . . . and his unconditional surrender began a romance that ended in a ring. Smoothly and flawlessly Poudre Tokalon hides skin blemishes, giving you that radiantly youthful look. Silk sifted for fineness and blended with Mousse of Cream, Poudre Tokalon clings skin tight through the exciting, glamorous hours. For adorable loveliness, change to Poudre Tokalon.

In six personality shades, Apricot, Natural, Peach, Rose Peach, Brunette and Rachel.

Poudre TOKALON
for forever fashion's loveliness

FOOD FACTS

Ways of making your FAT *ration go further*

WHILE there is a world shortage of fats, these simple suggestions for extending the fat ration will be helpful to every housewife.

In the average-sized household, two or three ounces of cooking fat can be added to the ration each week in these ways:

Before you cook your meat, trim off any spare fat and set it aside. If any of the family don't like fat, cut off some before serving it.

To render down the fat, cut the scraps up small and put in a tin in a slow or moderate oven. Don't let them burn. When melted, strain off the fat into a bowl. This makes splendid fat for all cooking purposes.

Dripping or fat which has been saved from roasting, tops of stews, gravy, and so on, can be used for cakes, pastry and frying, after it has been clarified, or cleaned. Fat tasting of onion is only suitable for frying, or savoury pastry.

Put the fat into a saucepan and cover with water. Bring it slowly to boil, pour into a basin, and leave to cool. The fat will set on the top in a hard white lid. Scrape away any scraps from the underside, then melt again in a saucepan—without any water—and heat till it stops bubbling. Clarified fat can be used for cakes and pastry, and for sandwich spreads.

FAT-SAVING recipes

Savoury Spread: 2 oz. dripping; 1 or 2 spring onions, finely chopped; 1 teaspoon of vegetable or meat extract; 3 teaspoons Worcester sauce; pepper and salt. Slightly melt the dripping and beat well. Add the other ingredients and beat again. *This spread makes delicious sandwiches.*

Steamed Chocolate Pudding (without fat): 6 oz. plain flour; 1 level tablespoon cocoa; 4 level teaspoons baking powder; 2 oz. sugar; 1 level tablespoon dried egg; pinch of salt; milk (or milk and water) to mix. Sift all dry ingredients together, beat to a thick batter with milk. Pour into greased basin, cover, and steam 1¼ hours.

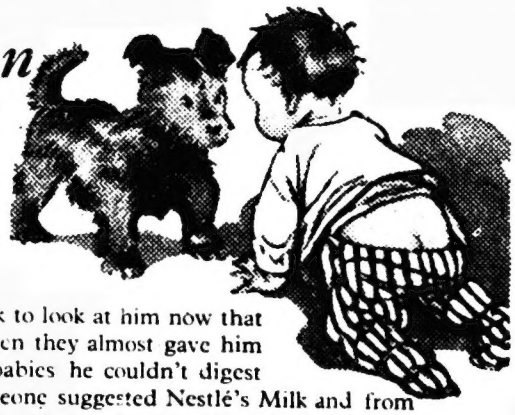
AN APPEAL TO HOUSEWIVES

It will be of great help to your shopkeeper if you get your ration of cooking fat once a fortnight instead of every week.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY, 8.15 a.m.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 253

Come on David!



YOU wouldn't think to look at him now that there was a time when they almost gave him up. Like so many babies he couldn't digest his food. Then someone suggested Nestlé's Milk and from the first feed he came on famously. Nestlé's Milk is rich, full cream country milk. Nature's own perfect food, specially prepared to make it digestible by the most delicate baby.

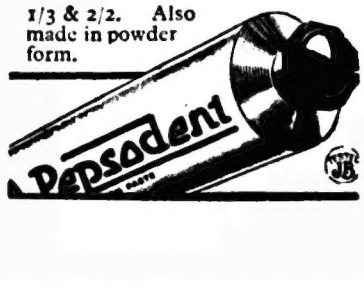
RICHEST IN CREAM Nestlé's Milk

Do your teeth complete your charm?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

1/3 & 2/2. Also made in powder form.



AVOIDING A LONG CONVALESCENCE BY RAISING THE METABOLIC RATE

WHEN you reach the convalescent stage and progress seems at a standstill, you wonder if you will ever get well. That depends largely on your metabolic rate.

The metabolic rate is your "living rate," the rate at which your body burns up energy and replaces that energy by absorbing nourishment from food.

A lowered metabolic rate is one of the after effects of illness. This means that the life processes are functioning too slowly to rebuild the body. To overcome this, you must absorb enough food to supply the needed energy. This is difficult because your appetite is poor when your metabolic rate is low.

To break this vicious circle, doctors prescribe easily digested foods such as broths, soups, and meat extracts. In deciding which preparation to use it is important to know that one special preparation is outstandingly successful in raising the metabolic rate—Brand's Essence.

Clinical tests, conducted at famous research institute, have shown that after taking Brand's Essence the metabolic rate is raised with extraordinary quickness and sustained for a quite exceptional length of time.

Once your metabolic rate goes up, your appetite returns, and you can absorb the necessary energy to give back your strength. Even when the very thought of food is distasteful you find Brand's Essence tempting and easy to take. Price 3/- a bottle.

BRAND'S ESSENCE

FINE, THANKS!

I eat something crisp and crunchy every day.

When I can get it, I prefer

RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

It's all about me

. . . . my arrival, my feeding, weight tables, weaning, ailments when I have any, first-aid, and extra food rations. No part of my life story has been neglected.

Send 3d in stamps for Ostermilk Baby Book, to Glaxo Laboratories Ltd., Dept. 979, Greenford Middlesex.

Without Fear or Favour

YOUR LIFE WILL DEPEND ON IT

AS THE TUMULT DIES and the recklessness of political battle is sobered by election writs, it is the duty of everyone to weigh the issues fairly before going to the polls.

We must forget personalities, disdain prejudices, and avert our noses from the red herrings which have been in such abundant supply during recent weeks.

We need not take seriously the charges that Labour leaders who have striven for the freedom of the world would create a Gestapo at home, or would rob the people of their savings.

We shall not frighten ourselves into apoplexy by a vision of slight, bespectacled, quiet Professor Laski running amok with a cut-throat razor in one hand and a blunderbuss in the other.

Let us, instead, concentrate on the fundamental issue of this election. It is a choice between Snatch-and-Grab Enterprise and Planned Enterprise.

The first means economic chaos that breeds war. The second aims at conditions that will remove the chief causes of war.

Snatch-and-Grab Enterprise gained vast fortunes for speculators after the last war. It "cashed-in" on the shortage of necessities. It sponsored the rash of jerry-built houses by which millions were fleeced.

Because it was unplanned, it made no provision for the future. The Great Boom was followed by the Great Depression, in which three millions of our breadwinners were subjected to the cruel humiliations of the Means Test, workless men tramped the Tyneside streets until their feet literally bled, and South Wales became a graveyard for the living.

Whereas Planned Enterprise aims at prosperity for everyone. It enabled us to win this war by providing the weapons required by the Services. It saved civilians from the disaster of inflation. It shared out the food needed by all.

Planned Enterprise is as vital for the peace. It is the only way to build the houses we want, prevent the return of "dole" queues, develop the full resources of the country, and raise the standard of life for the great mass of our people.

Make no mistake your decision in this election will affect not only your own life but the life of your children and your children's children.

Think well before you vote.

KINGS MAKE BAD NEWS

Man of many Missions. General Slim's Warning
Lady Astor Looks On. Curb the Housing Profiteers!

KING LEOPOLD OF THE BELGIANS is not the only European monarch in trouble. So many kings are making dangerous news that we in Britain, accustomed to the stability and dignity of our own royal family's position, find it hard to grasp the significance behind the headlines.

The truth is that Europe's kings are political figures. Leopold is in conflict with two major parties, having gathered about him men of pro-Fascist and totalitarian leanings.

Italy, Too

The monarchy in Italy is also in the balance as a new government is in course of formation. There the King is reported to be "counting his money"—playing with the valuable coin collection which has been restored to him. But Umberto, as Lord Lieutenant, will face a test when the new Government refuses to take an oath of allegiance, which may settle his fate.

New Disturbances

Meanwhile, supporters of George, King of the Hellenes, are disturbing the tranquility which seemed at last to be settling over his unhappy country by a violent campaign for his return. "A "plebiscite" is being prepared—"rigged" some say—and, whatever its outcome, Greece faces new disturbances which must delay recovery and the solution of urgent economic problems. Even the attempt to restore effectual trade unions has failed.

Danger Averted

A similar danger was averted in Yugoslavia, thanks to the calm advice of Dr. Subasich. But King Peter's position is still doubtful. His advisers are less eager to risk a plebiscite to decide his return because they fear an overwhelming majority against him.

Exiled Pretender

In Spain, Franco tries to come to terms with the monarchists as eagerly and as falsely as he professes friendship for the Western democracies. He hopes to survive under a régime of Don Juan, young and clever pretender to the Spanish throne.

Don Juan remains in Switzerland, pondering the next political moves, while, on the other hand, Spanish Republican exiles unite under Dr. Negrin to oust both Franco and the monarchist plotters.

Ex-King Carol tries again—this time, for his second son

Boy King

No news emerges from Russian-occupied Bulgaria and Rumania, where boy-King Simeon and young King Michael have been allowed to retain their respective thrones. Boxed-in by their countries' radical left-wing parties and the Russian military authorities, they are little more than figureheads.

The royal scene in Rumania may be enlivened by attempts of ex-King Carol to regain the throne for a second time from his own son.

Another Pretender

Then there is Dr. Otto Hapsburg, pretender to the Austrian throne, whose brothers "represent" him in different parts of the world. They even attended the San Francisco Conference in this curious capacity, giving cocktail parties and putting forward strenuous claims on their brother's behalf. They have whispered to influential Westerners that Stalin favours Otto. But Stalin supports Tito and Benes, who would never consent to the return of a Hapsburg to a Central European throne.

Zog May Stay

More quietly, but no less assiduously, King Zog of Albania stakes his claim; still living as an English country gentleman, he has recently entertained many political friends at his Buckinghamshire home.

Tirana, his old capital, has half forgotten him; a strong resistance movement has emerged in Albania. Zog is a rich man. He may well spend his money—and the rest of his days—in Britain.

Hope Ahead if . . .

While Royalists plot, realists must get down to practical business.

San Francisco Conference has ended, with something attempted, much accomplished, and still more to be done. All hope now centres upon the Big Three meeting and the steps they may take to build upon the foundations already laid.

One thing is imperative. The Economic and Social Council must become an active reality, knitting the big nations together in an earnest drive to secure full employment.

And not the least of the obligations facing the "Have" nations is that of raising the standards of backward countries to the mutual benefit of all.

Moscow Conference

Other international problems are being discussed in Moscow, where the British Reparation Commission, headed by Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., Solicitor-General in the "Caretaker Government," is hard at work.

Sir Walter will not be contesting his seat because his work will keep him in Moscow until after the Election. His knowledge of Russia and Russian politics is vast.

Sir Walter is a man of many missions, having travelled all over the world.

"WORKING MAN'S FRIEND"

is how Mr. J. N. Atkinson, of Ashington, described "John Bull's" Free Insurance, when he received a generous cheque following a fire at his home.

Comprehensive Family Benefits include protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING and BURGLARY.

Strength of Japan

WHILE HANGOVER PROBLEMS of the war in Europe are being discussed Japan fights on fiercely. The fact that she is taking terrific punishment should not blind us to her great strength. With an army of four million and reserves of five million she is still formidable.

Her air force is getting replacements of 1,500 a month—considerably more than it is losing in battle. Her navy is strong enough to put up a powerful defence of home waters. Even her hard-hit mercantile marine is probably adequate to maintain communications in her so-called inner zone.

She will not go short of war weapons for a long time, and her "soldier ants," as General Slim calls them, will fight on without reasoning why.

So an all-out effort is essential to finish the Pacific war speedily. Any slackening and it may drag on interminably.

Interesting Contest

THERE IS NO SLACKENING in election warfare at home

Liveliest of provincial elections is that at Devonport, where Hore Belisha, Minister of National Insurance, is opposed by Michael Foot, author of "The Trial of Mussolini," and part author of "Guilty Men."

Seconds are out of the ring, and no punches are being pulled. At the ringside is Lady Astor, who, having resigned her seat, is being urged to stand again for Devonport. She would enjoy the fighting so much more if she were in the ring herself.

In Another Arena

Two other contestants, at Barnet, are linked rather curiously by medicine. They are Dr. Stephen Taylor, Labour, and Andrew Clark, Conservative.

Taylor is a doctor who does not practice, though his academic distinctions include B.Sc., with first-class honours, M.B., and B.S., with honours in public health, M.D., and M.R.C.P. He gave up

medicine believing that a healthy nation is best achieved by fighting unemployment, ignorance and bad housing.

Clark was Director of the Government's Home Intelligence Organisation during the war, and there came up against the problems of ordinary men and women.

Tale of Two Grandfathers

Clark's grandfather, Sir Andrew Clark, was the Prince Consort's Physician. Taylor's grandfather was physician to Gladstone No political significance should be attached to the fact that the Prince Consort died at 42, while Gladstone lived to 82!

Woman Stands Alone

A woman candidate who stands alone in a sense is Mrs. Iris Brook, fighting the Newbury, South Berks, Division for Labour.

She is the only nurse to put up for Parliament, and has long championed her profession. Through her efforts the T.U.C formed an Advisory Committee on nursing and several of her proposals were adopted in the report of the Rushcliffe Committee.

Complaints which continue to reach us concerning bad nursing conditions confirm that it is time the profession had its own representative in the House.

What is a House Worth?

WHEN PARLIAMENT MEETS AGAIN a lot will be said about housing. The Morris Committee, whose report is expected soon, will probably advise pegging prices at from 33 per cent. to 50 per cent. above 1939 figures. Inquiries we have made show that no two people think alike on this point.

Banks will advance approximately the pre-war costs to known clients.

Insurance companies take 110 per cent of the 1939 value and then advance 80 per cent. of the first £1,500 and 50 per cent of any balance.

Building Societies insist upon their own surveyor's valuation, on which they will advance 80 per cent.

So the Ramp Goes On!

Profiteers, reaping a rich harvest by exploiting the housing shortage, care nothing for these anomalies. "As much as the mugs will pay" is their valuation.

Until the Morris report is acted upon by the Government, nothing can stop them And we shall continue to hear fantastic stories like one we heard this week of a doctor buying a practice he did not want simply to gain possession of a home!

Costs Should be Fair

Lord Southwood had some pungent comments to make on housing problems at the opening of the *Daily Herald* Post-War Homes Exhibition at Dorland Hall, Regent Street, London.

His Lordship declared that the cost of a house should be within the reach of the purse of the average man. But till we have legislation to curb the profiteers it is evident that this ideal will be unattainable.

Homes Should be Planned

A demand for reasonably priced homes must not be seized on as an excuse for producing masses of jerry-built structures.

New houses should be designed by a qualified architect, says Lord Southwood. They should conform to standards enforced by Government authority and should be sited in conformity with industrial planning and community needs.

Abroad, Too!

PROFITEERING IS BAD ENOUGH at home; but when we are going short of food to help liberated countries it is doubly disturbing to hear of black-marketing in that same food when it reaches the continent

One stolen truckload was recovered recently at Wiesbaden containing enough rations to stock a grocer's shop.

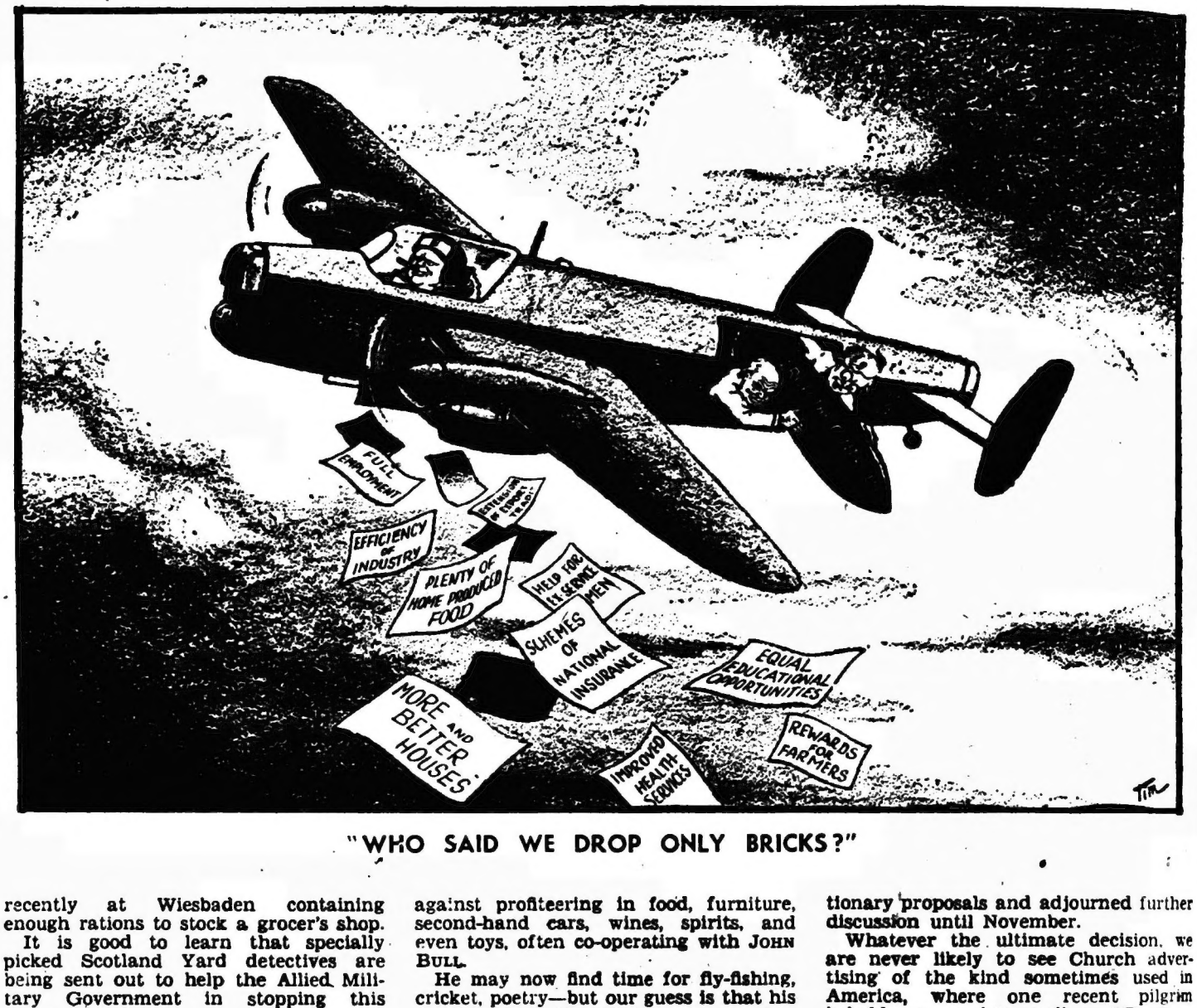
It is good to learn that specially picked Scotland Yard detectives are being sent out to help the Allied Military Government in stopping this growing traffic.

Which reminds us that one of our chief racket-busters, Sir Douglas McCraith, is retiring at 67 to a quieter life. His resignation from the Chairmanship of the North Midland Regional Price Regulation Committee will be regretted by all except the profiteers.

Racket Buster No. 1

Supported by a committee of seventeen men and women from all classes, Sir Douglas campaigned ceaselessly against profiteering in food, furniture, second-hand cars, wines, spirits, and even toys, often co-operating with JOHN BULL.

He may now find time for fly-fishing, cricket, poetry—but our guess is that his chief hobby will still be helping other people.



"WHO SAID WE DROP ONLY BRICKS?"

The Church Speaks

A PAPER-BACKED BOOK, just issued, is the 170-page report of the Commission on Evangelism, appointed by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

It outlines a £200,000-a-year advertising campaign, plus cinema and radio propaganda for the "conversion of England to the Christian faith." But last week the Church Assembly could not make up its mind on such revolutionary proposals and adjourned further discussion until November.

Whatever the ultimate decision, we are never likely to see Church advertising of the kind sometimes used in America, where one recent pilgrim beheld a neon sign reading: "Don't go to Hell on Sunday; Hear Reverend —— at —— Church."

Great Youth Movement

JUNE ENDS with a great rally at beautiful Arundel Castle, home of the Duke of Norfolk, of over 2,000 youngsters of all ages from ten to twenty-five.

They are all members of the Young Farmers' Clubs which the Duke, Joint Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture, first started over fifteen years ago at the request of the late Ramsay Macdonald.

Though the early days of the war saw its membership declining, there was a revival of interest two years ago, when it had 20,000. To-day membership numbers 60,000, and the Duke aims at 100,000, but does not consider that the limit by any means.

Allied Championships

AN ALLIED CHAMPIONSHIP, in which athletes of United Nations will compete, is planned for Paris soon. America is waiting to rush nearly £2,000,000 worth of sports goods to Europe for use of Allied fighting men as soon as the word is given.

This gathering may rival the Olympic Games of peace time and revive the old controversy as to whether the Olympic Games really helped international relations. The Nazis certainly exploited the games to boost National Socialist ideas; but there should be no fear of anything like that arising from the United Nations meeting.

Fishy Economics

One million fish are caught
And dealers dance with glee:
Two million fish are caught—
They're dumped back in the sea!
This gives the housewife shocks,
Who does not know the clue—
Short labour at the docks?
Short tempers in the queue!

TEN POLLING POINTS

1. Your number on the register of voters will have been sent to you by post. Take it to the polling station with you—it will help the official in charge to find you on the list.

2. Find the address of the polling station from the posters displayed in your division, or by asking at any Party committee rooms. Arrange to poll early. The station will shut promptly at the advertised time, even if there is a queue still waiting.

3. When you enter the polling station you will see the election officer sitting at a table. Tell him your number. He will check it on the register with your name and address and record the fact that you have been to vote

4. He will give you a voting paper. Take this to one of the small private booths provided

5. It sounds elementary, but be certain you know the name of the candidate who represents the Party for which you wish to vote. On the voting paper, only names of candidates are given—their Parties are not mentioned.

6 Put a cross clearly in the space opposite your chosen candidate's name. Place the cross centrally in the space provided—if it overlaps the lines between the names, it may render your vote void.

7. Do not draw anything, or write your name, or make any remarks whatever on the paper or your vote will be disqualified. Nothing is allowed but a single cross in the appropriate space

8. If you should make a mistake, or perhaps absent-mindedly doodle on the voting paper, take it back to the table and ask for another one.

9. Finally, "post" your voting paper in the slot in the ballot-box.

10. When you leave the polling station, you may see a representative wearing the rosette of your Party. You can, if you wish, tell him that you have recorded your vote. It will help him in checking a list of probable supporters, which canvassers have been working to obtain.

But remember that you are under no compulsion to tell anyone how you have voted. The ballot is secret and you can refuse information to any person who asks.

On the eve of the Poll JOHN BULL asks Four Leading Questions

THE PARTIES ANSWER

We invited the headquarters of the three main Parties to choose their own candidates to deal with the points we raised. Henry Brooke, lately M.P. for Lewisham West. Sir Percy Harris, lately M.P. for Bethnal Green and Morgan Phillips, Secretary, Labour Party, were selected to reply

1 How do you propose to raise the capital needed to rehabilitate the British coal and steel industries, transport and shipping?

Conservative:

THE INABILITY OF industry to find the necessary capital is a bogy of the Socialists. They raise it in order to justify their idea of a permanent control of capital through a National Investment Board, and to rivet upon industry schemes of nationalisation.

It may cost between £200 and £300 millions to rehabilitate the coal industry after the war, and £100 millions for the steel industry. The one condition upon which the money for these schemes can be found is confidence in the future, by a feeling of economic security, and a sense of political security—a belief that this country is in the safe hands of a Government which takes the long view.

Liberal:

OUR SOLUTION for the raising of capital necessary for a monopolistic industry, such as coal, transport, etc., depends on whether a Public Utility Corporation or Public Utility Company is set up. If a Corporation, the shares of the private company or companies affected are taken over at a fair and proper valuation. If a Public Utility Company is established, then the shares in the private company are exchanged for a proper holding in the new Public Utility.

Labour:

THE BASIC INDUSTRIES of Britain *must* have more capital. We need to supplement our manpower with more horsepower. Private enterprise had its chance in the years between the wars. Yet British industry was falling behind other countries. Theories apart, these are the facts.

The Labour Party declares that the Government must step in to do the job that private enterprise in some of our most important industries has failed to do. Coal, steel and transport should be brought under public ownership.

The Public Corporation in these nationalised industries would be in a far better position than hundreds of separate companies. The public credit is unassailable, money could therefore be raised at low rates of interest.

The Government will assist the shipping industry through a National Investment Board.

2 Millions of new houses are now needed. What steps will you take to see that they are built in the right places and offered for rent at reasonable and just rents?

Conservative:

THE RIGHT PLACE for a house is where there is a steady job for the occupier within easy distance, and where there are the amenities his family needs. The existing legislation for Town and Country Planning provides the powers necessary to make sure that houses are not built in the wrong places.

How are we going to make sure that rents are reasonable? First, by continuing rent control and setting up rent tribunals as recommended in the Ridley Report.

Secondly, by getting on as quickly as possible with building new houses. Conservatives are the only Party who have made a firm promise of a definite number of houses in the next two years. The Labour Party merely talks about rings and cartels.

Liberal:

THERE MUST BE a Minister of Town and Country Planning to decide first on the location of industry, with the requisite compulsory powers of purchase of land, and power to see that the proper houses are provided. In making this provision, the Minister should in no way be limited by present traditional methods of building. All the latest mass-production methods should be used and experiments of the widest nature should be made in the use of new materials. It has been claimed that if these methods were adopted some 750,000 houses a year could be built.

Labour:

HOUSES CAN ONLY BE in the right places if there is sound town planning. The Labour Party wishes to see greater powers given to local authorities to acquire land needed for public purposes.

Rents will be lowered by reducing building costs. Building materials at present controlled by price rings account for 60 per cent. of the total cost of houses. These price rings must be broken by Government purchase—and if necessary Government production.

Much of the post-war building of houses should be done by local authorities. When speculative builders borrowed money, the usual rate of interest was 5 per cent. This meant that on a £600 house the annual charge for interest was £33 or nearly 13s. per week. If the rate of interest had been 3 per cent., the charge would have been £21—or only 8s. per week.

The Labour Party is, finally, in favour of rent control so that landlords will not be able to exploit tenants.

3 Have you any plans to prevent a rapid rise in prices during the next three years, leading to wholesale inflation and a general lowering of our living standards?

Conservative:

DURING THE WAR, control of prices and rationing of goods in short supply have done much to prevent inflation. I want these controls to be kept on to protect the consumer for just so long as they are needed. But controls alone have not kept inflation at bay during the war. The Government has been subsidising necessary foods and has thereby kept down the cost of living.

The main reasons why there has not been inflation during the war are that the general public has not attempted to spend the whole of what income was left to them after taxation, and that shortages have not been exploited by exorbitant demands for higher incomes. If the public continue to be told the facts, they will always respond. They do not need to be coerced and drilled into socially desirable action.

Liberal:

INFLATION RESULTS from a failure to balance the level of prices with the quantity of money in circulation. The Liberal proposal to maintain this balance is that the responsibility for the financial policy of the country should be fixed fairly and squarely on the Government, being vested in a new Committee presided over by the Prime Minister or Deputy Prime Minister with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and other important Ministers as members. This Committee would direct the money policy to be carried out by the Bank of England, which the Liberals recommend shall remain as an independent body, but presided over by a chairman appointed by the Prime Minister for a period of five years, renewable for a period not exceeding a second five years.

Labour:

OUR PARTY STANDS by price control. The reason? What happened after the last war. Taking October 1, 1918, as the starting point the price of potatoes and flour nearly doubled by 1920, and all other prices rocketed.

This happened because the Conservative and Liberal Government abolished all controls. At the time of the Khaki Election they spoke moderately about the need for reasonable price controls in the transition period. But as soon as the election had been won, the businessmen got their way and there was a shortlived profit and price boom which lasted until Britain was once again plunged into heavy unemployment.

This must be prevented from happening again by price control. The Labour Party will stop inflation. For it is the Party of the small man who is also the small saver.

4 How will you deal with thousands of disabled, blinded and permanently unfit Servicemen in the coming year?

Conservative:

PENSIONS ALONE are not enough. It is even more important to ensure that the disabled ex-Serviceman should take his place, as far as possible, as an ordinary member of the community. He must be given self-respect, not left with self-pity.

Opportunities for training and rehabilitation must be provided by the Disabled Persons (Employment) Act, 1944, to be used fully. We must give these men health and training. If disablement is so great that a man cannot get a job in industry, there is now a special corporation set up under Government auspices to give him work. It was Conservative M.P.s who, without any Labour support, persuaded the late Government to add to the Act the clause which gives ex-Servicemen and members of the Merchant Navy preference in training, and in being submitted as applicants for jobs.

Liberal:

THE LIBERALS WOULD deal with the disabled, blinded, and permanently unfit Servicemen in the coming years through a new and greatly extended rehabilitation service as part of the new Health Service. The permanently unfit must be provided for by generous pensions related to the cost of living, so that these ex-Servicemen will in any circumstances be raised, we hope, high above want. It will be remembered that for their dependants there will be family allowances and other appropriate methods of Social Security.

Labour:

MR. ERNEST BEVIN and Mr. George Tomlinson, two Labour Ministers, framed the 1944 Disabled Persons Act. This Act is a charter for the disabled. It provides for their registration, for their vocational training, for the medical care and exercise they need before entering employment. It provides for their employment under an employers' compulsory quota scheme.

OPEN LETTERS

Miss Bondfield discusses babies and the State

Rt. Hon. Duncan Sandys,

"Caretaker" Minister of Works

DEAR SIR,—To enter the lists against so massive a figure as Ernest Bevin your lance needs to be sharp.

Bevin says he would tackle housing as he tackled shells and 'planes. He would take over rings, cartels or anything else standing in the way. He would rent the necessary land at the average normal rent.

You must tell us whether you, too, are prepared to break down the building rings, acquire the land needed by local councils, and treat housing as a national emergency.

Otherwise you will be doing yourself an injustice. You will be asking us to treat you as a man without plans. You will appear to invite us to live as stupidly as he

Who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply.

Why not tell us exactly how you would supply the houses and justify the hopes?—JOHN BULL.

Lord Keynes,

Chairman, Arts Council of Great Britain

MY LORD,—Rising Phœnix-like from the ashes of C.E.M.A., your new organisation faces a brilliant opportunity and a great danger.

C.E.M.A. (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts) was born in 1940 at a cost of £25,000 to private benefactors, and was reared with the help of an official grant of £60,000. That was not too much to pay for keeping alive the better things of life that might have been slain by the war: famous orchestras, good plays and distinguished painting. Now C.E.M.A. has passed into the shadows and the Arts Council emerges.

But do not let it be dazzled by the bright lights of London. Encourage it to cast its own illumination in the drab little towns of South Wales and the North.

Help it to stage admirable plays and factory concerts where first-rate talent is rarely seen. Prevent it from becoming just a tax-free chance for popular actors to posture in bawdy and forgotten comedies. Save it from taint of the "precious" and the "arty"; make it slake the thirst for real education and fine entertainment among the ordinary people of our land!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Margaret Bondfield,

Britain's First Woman Cabinet Minister

DEAR MAGGIE,—To be born in Bath is to have three times the chance of a year's life than a baby born in Wigan.

In Salford, 200 babies are dying annually whose lives could be saved—says the medical officer of health—"if we had sufficient facilities." In Manchester, the figure is near 460. And the last official report for Scotland stated crisply that the infantile death rate "has occasioned grave concern."

Mothers, too, are dying at a rate which puts us to shame. At this week's National Conference on Maternity and Child Welfare, you will take the chair when the State's attitude is discussed. May I tell you what methods I think the State should adopt to end the tragic waste of British life?

There should be a national health service Every area with a population of 1,000,000 or so should have a key obstetric centre, round which would radiate a chain of smaller but highly equipped clinics and maternity homes.

Exhausted mothers should have more rest and food. At the present, no insured married woman is entitled to sickness benefit before or after confinement unless there is incapacity for work. Doctors get round this by certifying varicose veins or something of the sort, but in Russia every expectant mother is given paid leave from work.

We must have more trained midwives. We must have houses fit for babies, not steel rabbit hutches or century-old slums. And we must stop the attempt to close down war time day nurseries. All these points, I fancy, will win your approval and support.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Herbert Hoover,

Ex-President of the U.S.A.

DEAR SIR,—When you celebrate Independence Day next Wednesday, please remember that freedom is as prized in other countries as in your own.

It is right that your advice should be sought by President Truman on European relief problems, for in the last war you headed the American Relief Committee and collected a thousand million dollars for its work.

But rumour alleged that the countries which benefited most were those willing to toe the American political line.

There must be no such suspicion this time. Man cannot live by bread alone, even if the bread comes from American bakeries; he needs freedom to shape his life and political alliances as he wishes, and I trust you will recommend that American generosity be distributed in such a way as to be above misunderstanding or reproach.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. John Benstead,

Gen. Sec., National Union of Railwaymen

DEAR SIR,—Next week's N.U.R. Conference will, I hope, not only demand that our railways should lead the world, but that they should form part of the best transport system the world has ever known.

The magnificent part they have played in the war is a pointer to the efficiency they could attain in peace. Last year alone, 325,000 special trains were run for workers. In two months before D-Day, 24,459 specials were run to the embarkation ports.

You will agree, I know, that now an equally big job has to be done. Stations must be modernised. Electrification must be extended to all suburban areas. New rolling stock is urgently needed.

Above all, the railways, road transport, civil aviation, shipping and canal traffic should be welded into one flexible system. Lord Leathers, on becoming Minister of War Transport, said that "the organisation of our national economy demands that the entire transport system be considered as a unit." If so in war, why not in peace?—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

The Quality of Poise

ONE OF THE ESSENTIALS for a healthy physical life is admitted to be balance—a nice adjustment of work and play, of exercise and "slacking," of rest and activity; and even more is emotional balance an essential for a happy and healthy mental life.

If you are forever tearing rage to tatters., or continually sinking into the equally dangerous and futile moods of despondency and apathy, you can't possibly achieve poise; and you can't possibly be happy, or any good either to yourself or to anyone else.

Of course, it is always easier to talk than to do; and you may well be perfectly aware of all this—assuming that, like most of us, you are somewhat afflicted with this lack of poise—and yet not know anything to do about it.

Well, someone once said that one way of doing something about it was to find cut what fish there weren't in the pond and then stop trying to catch them! Don't, in other words, waste your time trying to attain the unattainable—but make sure that you know what the unattainable is as far as you yourself are concerned. It's very easy to make laziness an excuse!

Argument

"Vote National!" cry the Posters. But—

IS THE CHURCHILL GOVERNMENT TRULY NATONAL?

yes

1. For five years Mr. Churchill has been the mouthpiece of Britain.

2. He made a firm offer to all Parties to continue the National Front till Japan was defeated. Liberals and Labour refused, but he obtained wide support.

3. His Ministry includes Conservatives, Liberals and ex-National Labour Ministers. There are also Independents; and two outstanding statesmen, Sir James Grigg and Lord Woolton, with no Party ties.

4. Mr. Churchill has announced that Mr. Attlee will be invited by the National Party to attend any meeting of the "Big Three."

5. Though Major Gwilym Lloyd George has been disowned by the Liberal Party for staying on as Mr. Churchill's Minister for Fuel and Power, he remains Liberal in thought.

6. In the present state of international affairs it was essential to emphasise British unity: hence the use of the term National Party.

7. The policies the National Party advocate are no different from those agreed on while Liberal and Labour leaders were in the Cabinet.

no

1. From the moment when the Liberal and Labour Parties, faced by a sudden snap-election ultimatum, left the Churchill Government it clearly ceased to be National.

2. At present, of the sixteen Cabinet Ministers, thirteen are Conservatives, two claim to be "no Party," and the last, Lord Rosebery, is a *National* Liberal.

3. Lord Woolton and Sir James Grigg are the two Cabinet Ministers labelled "no Party." Who doubts their Conservative sympathies?

4. Of the twenty-four Ministers of Cabinet rank, fifteen are Conservatives, seven are Conservative sympathisers, and one, Major Gwilym Lloyd George, is an ex-Liberal. Only Sir Arthur Salter is a true independent.

5. Of the thirty-six Junior Ministers, *all* are Conservatives.

6. They include several politicians of markedly anti-Soviet temper, proof that departure from Labour-approved policies is contemplated.

7. The fact is that, alone among the Parties, Conservatives hate using their real name. Hence they crop up as Unionists, Coalitionists, Municipal Reformers. "National" is just one more transparent alias.

EUROPE'S HUMAN WRECKAGE

Millions of refugees and released slaves are stranded by the tide of war. Unrra works hard to help them, but no temporary organisation can meet their needs

says A. G. GARDINER

Clearing the Vosges Mountains, U.S. troops liberated 300 Ukrainian peasant girls who had been made to work ten hours a day loading ammunition for the Germans. Their food ration was only a three-inch square of bread and thin potato soup every twenty-four hours

"THE EVIL THAT MEN DO lives after them." Hitler and his fellow gangsters are dead or doomed, but the salvaging of the wreck they have made of Europe will be the work of generations. No such tornado has swept the earth before.

The destruction cannot be measured in material terms. In those terms alone it is beyond all reckoning. Vast cities, housing millions of people, have been razed to the ground. Whole navies have been sunk.

The equivalent of nearly the entire mercantile marine we possessed at the beginning of the war lies at the bottom of the seas of the world.

These are but examples of the material wreckage. And more than the material is the political and moral wreckage.

Governments and administration systems have gone down before the storm like matchwood and great nations are left faced with an inferno of political chaos the outcome of which no man can foresee.

Still less can we see the effects of the moral ruin that has befallen Europe from the racial hatreds that have been let loose and the breakdown of all the standards of good faith among nations.

Birth of a New World

European civilisation has suffered a disaster for which there is no parallel. Its prestige is lower than it has fallen since it was born in Greece two and a half-thousand years ago.

What will be the repercussions of this enormous fact upon the vast coloured populations—Chinese, Indian, Arabian—which have for centuries accepted the leadership of the white races—time alone will reveal.

A new world is coming to birth and it is a world that will have shed the old unquestioning reverence for Europe.

But it is the human aspect of the suicide of Europe that is most immediately oppressive. Twice in one generation a catastrophic disruption has fallen upon the European peoples.

The upheaval caused by the first world war was formidable enough. It filled Europe from end to end with insoluble refugee problems.

Great transfers of populations, like that carried out by Turkey and Greece, were laboriously accomplished. The rescue of hundreds of thousands more from the direst distress was only by the heroic labours of Dr. Nansen and the organisation of which he was the inspiration.

This work of human reclamation was still only half accomplished when the sky darkened with new menace. Fascism in Italy, Nazism in Germany, Falangism in Spain, sent new streams of refugees flooding over Europe.

And not over Europe alone. Japanese aggression sent millions of Chinese trekking into the distant mountains.

Then came the war—the Second World War. Its effect upon the uprooting of populations altogether surpassed the experience in the first war.

For, apart from the movement of armies, numbered not in hundreds of thousands, but in millions, there was the wholesale sweeping up of civilian populations in Russia, in the Balkans, in Italy, France, the Low Countries, to feed the furnaces of the German war machine and till the fields of the German enemy.

When that enemy suddenly collapsed, this vast agglomeration of human wreckage gathered from all over Europe became the responsibility of the Allies.

It was only one of many responsibilities—the maintenance of order, the deliverance of prisoners of war, the feeding of the starving populations, the establishment of temporary governments and so on.

These responsibilities had been foreseen and Unrra had been organised to help the Army to shoulder them.

In these enormous tasks of relief and rescue work, certain priorities had to be observed.

The liberation of the concentration camps and the release and repatriation of prisoners of war had to have precedence. And in the matter of feeding a similar preference was necessary. The needs of the Army came first, those of the "displaced persons" or foreign workers second, those of the Germans third.

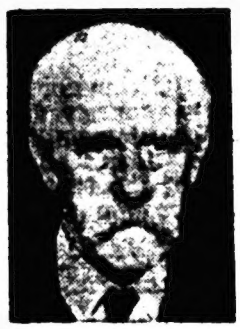
It is the "displaced persons" (the "D.P.s") who are the core of the problem. At the beginning there were in Germany, according to the estimate of Unrra, four and a half million of them. (They must not, of course, be confused with the prisoners of war.)

They included 1,500,000 Russians, 1,200,000 French, 600,000 Poles, 100,000 Belgians and 100,000 Dutch. There were also Czechs, Yugoslavs and Greeks.

No reference is made in this estimate to the Italians, who are, of course, very numerous—probably as numerous as the French. Indeed, as long ago as last month a correspondent of the *News Chronicle* reported that great numbers, estimated at half a million, were trekking south over the Alps into Italy.

Millions Go Home

The work of repatriating these vast hordes of refugees is stupendous. They cannot, of course, be sent off out of hand, even if there were the transport to carry them. They have to be medically examined and deloused, for they have been living in conditions in which soap was an unknown luxury.



FRIDTJOF NANSEN, Norwegian explorer, famous for his North Pole Expedition in 1893-96. His untiring work for refugees after the last war led to the issuing of special "Nansen passports" to stateless persons

It is a creditable achievement that by the end of this month nearly two millions of these unhappy exiles will have been registered, medically examined and repatriated.

Unrra has now some 400 teams at work, and their transport resources have been reinforced by British 'buses, which, converted into ambulances during the war, are now lumbering through Central Europe with cargoes of repatriates.

What of the millions still on hand? They are waiting in assembly centres, controlled by Unrra teams working in conjunction with the various army groups.

Each includes a doctor and a nurse, and French, Belgian and Dutch volunteers are enrolled to help carry on. The French Ministry of War alone has allocated 200 doctors to the service of Unrra.

The grievances, of course, are many. After the first emotion of deliverance there is a reaction. Some find their conditions, now freedom has come, rather worse than they were before. Food, which comes from German sources, is not too abundant, and D.P. rations have had to be cut down to leave Germans enough to keep alive.

What is Needed

On the other hand, all the evidence goes to show that everything possible is being done in the way of comforts, amusements, etc., to make the life of the D.P.s tolerable until the appropriate plane, or 'bus, or lorry, comes to fetch them.

Many decline registration and try to walk home or live on the countryside. Some—notably Russians and Poles—do not want to return to their own countries.

Even after all the official repatriation is done, there will be countless numbers of stateless and homeless wanderers who have lost their anchorage to life and will constitute for years a menace to society.

What is needed is a permanent extension of the Unrra idea, by which the Allies undertake the salvaging of all the human wreckage left by the war and its restoration to the organised life of human society

An excellent example has been set by the Swedish Government. It has offered at its own expense to take up to 10,000 freed foreign workers who need hospital treatment, convalescence and care. Needless to say, Unrra has accepted the offer.

Every nation should take similar action, and a substantial part of the retribution imposed on Germany should be the burden of clearing up the human chaos she has made.

CHURCHILL

THIS IS NOT THE CHOICE

Election passions mount. Charge and counter-charge blaze in the headlines. The big guns boom. But do magnetic figures really matter? Isn't it policies that count? Here a JOHN BULL writer looks dispassionately at the two chief protagonists of the drama. Is it for them—or what they stand for—that the electorate should vote?

TO ATTEMPT COOL, unbiased analysis of the character of Winston Churchill to-day is rather like trying to judge "Tipperary" as a piece of music.

The song is now so full of memories, so much a part of British tradition, that it has become a second National Anthem. The man—the paunchy, heavy-shouldered chap with the you-be-damned jaw, the well-packed forehead and the naughty-boy grin—has similarly become a symbol.

He is the British Lion in human form Even when he utters electioneering insincerities on the wireless, his growls, his very difficulty with sibilants, remind us of those tremendous days when, in heroic phrases, he rallied the nation for its finest hour

Yet the beef-eating burly squire is mixed with the artist whose paintings good critics respect; the reactionary with the nimble-minded innovator; the sentimentalist with the politician.

Even to-day, at the age of seventy, when the turbulent streams in most men's minds have settled into quiet, well-ordered grooves, he shows as many youthful contradictions as ever.

The only influence which has at all times conditioned his far-striding thoughts is his keen sense of History, his feeling that every moment is an irrecoverable opportunity in the relentless sweep of human progress.

History in Technicolor

Now, there are two kinds of History. One, in Technicolor, deals with courts and banners, charges of the Light Brigade, Delhi Durbars and the Balance of Power, the other, more prosaic, seeks only basic factors, needs and greeds.

Churchill remains primarily a student and professor of the first.

From youth, moreover, he seems to have been consumed with a determination to occupy a place in it at least as great as that of his ancestor, Marlborough. And he did not mind saying so.

"Sir," he retorted to an early Commons opponent who had accused him of trading on the fame of his father, "there will come a day when Lord Randolph Churchill will be known only as the father of one, Winston."

Yet he was a dullard at Harrow—which led to his staying in the same form for term after term —and continuing to study English when brighter boys had gone on to Latin and Greek.

Now he uses English as few orators have been able to use it By words alone he was able in 1940 to rally the nation to greatness, to make all-conquering Hitler pause and bite his nails.

In the Army, as he confesses in "My Early Years," he shamelessly pulled strings with influential relations to gain himself privileges refused by his senior officers. A dubious proceeding, and one he would be the first to condemn in officers to-day—but thus he was able to secure more practical military knowledge in a short time than almost any other subaltern in history.

That knowledge, widened by much reading, by his experience as a war correspondent, and by his work in the 1914-18 Cabinets enabled him to be one of the chief architects of the victorious Allied campaigns which have just ended.

In Parliament, restless and impatient with his cautious elders because apparently they failed to sense the greatness he felt boiling inside him, he changed sides more than once.

He held various offices and filled some of them badly, but all spectacularly. Sidney Street, the Dardanelles, Archangel, the Gold Standard—all these angry controversies raged about him.

There came after the last war a period of political failure. His defeats became a public joke like his unorthodox hats. They might have soured him; in fact they developed still further his superlative tenacity.

Man of Destiny

It was said, "If a man learns by his mistakes, then, by God, this country has given Churchill the most expensive education in the world."

Because he had, in the wilderness, sounded many warnings of the fate that was approaching, he was resented by many, but he won them over. He was, unfortunately, politician enough to shut some of their mouths by giving them office.

He was undeniably happy in the war, not only because he was achieving his ambition, but because he saw new and glorious pages of Technicolor history being written.

The torn flag was there, waving in the smoke and storm. The young lands of the Empire were there, marching to the defence of the Motherland. St. George once again dared the dragon. Gentlemen of England would think themselves accurst they were not at Alamein.

It was all historically right; and, best of all, there in the midst of things, holding high the sword, was Winston Churchill, man of destiny.

He was inspired; he inspired us. He emerged from the European war with fame and honour greater than those which were given to Lloyd George after the last war.

To-day he would go on, and become the great Peace leader—a new Moses, leading his people towards the "broad uplands."

But will his "people" follow him? His "people" are the Conservative Party, which does not care for swift advances over difficult ground.

What Stands Behind Him?

To be a great leader, again, means working to a carefully-devised plan. The Conservatives who consider Churchill as a useful if temporary figurehead (though once they hounded and derided him) do not approve of planning. They are openly mocking at the planners, forgetting that no business could survive for a week unless its production and distribution and finances were planned.

A vote for Churchill is a vote for a man.

But men, even the greatest, come and go.

Let us see beyond the man, examine closely what stands behind him.

Emptiness.

No tradition of service to the common man, no coherent policy, patiently conceived and straightforwardly presented. Nothing but lesser men, hard of face and of heart. Men who think only in terms of profit—profit for themselves.

They are old, but they are younger than Churchill.

The elector who votes for him may face bitter disillusion. If Churchill wins—into whose hands may the real power fall?

CHALK AND CHEESE—black and white—war and peace—Churchill and Attlee. In nearly all things, the two men are opposites, achieving their ends by vastly d similar methods.

The one was born into the limelight and h stayed there, living dramatically; the other, eve to-day, after holding high office, still seems o public occasions to feel rather like a member o the audience who has stepped on to the stage only to see that the conjuror does not cheat.

Attlee is no showman, spell-binder or rabble-rouser. There are no good anecdotes about him.

He is a quiet, precise man of great earnestness and of a sincerity which none of his opponents has ever questioned. And if Churchill seems to see all History as a vast Aldershot Tattoo, Attlee certainly does not belong to the Technicolor school. He is bored by the strategies of old wars, but deeply interested in why those wars were fought.

In his rather dry voice, he may not always expound his wide knowledge with eloquence; but that is largely because accurate statements of fact do not lend themselves to rhetoric, and he has a scientist's passion for fact.

If, however, he is not among the country's great speakers, he is a skilful man in committee. His back-room work in Parliament and out of it is largely what has brought him to the top.

Background of Whelk Stalls

That and luck. He says himself that but for a series of political accidents which none could have forecast, he would still be labouring in comparative obscurity for the Socialist cause, to which he has singlemindedly devoted his career.

To follow that cause, he had to break away from his class, from his Haileybury-and-Oxford training. A shy man, he drove himself into the hurly-burly of the East End of London, living there in noisy lodgings, and working there for the people of the slums.

For a time, the 1914-18 war took him from that form of service to another; but in 1919, with a major's crown and two wound stripes, he was back in Stepney, and by 1922 had become M.P. for Limehouse.

A strange, prim man to represent the sprawling, brawling Cockney constituency. It was comic to try to imagine him talking rhyming slang against a background of whelk stalls, naphtha flares and dockside four-ale bars.

Yet he knew the East End as few outsiders have known it—the slums, the dirt, the unemployment, the poverty of dockland—where riches of Empire were unloaded.

He had laboured patiently but stubbornly to improve the lot of the people there, and they knew it. To-day his is still one of the safest Parliamentary seats in Britain.

In the Commons, he worked diligently but without fireworks. The distinctions he gained were those you might have forecast—Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Leader of the Opposition, membership of the Simon Commission on India, and so on.

Not till 1935, and then only because George Lansbury had broken his thigh, did he become Leader of the Opposition.

Some men, suddenly finding themselves in that position, would have become little Fuehrers. Not Clem Attlee. He continued to regard himself as the mouthpiece of those who had elected him, as the spokesman of a committee of equals. To-day, full of fame and perhaps within a few

ATTLEE

eeks of being Prime Minister, he still interprets is rôle in the same way.

He does not say, "Vote for *me*"; he says, Vote for the ideals I hold." He does not say, *I*, your Leader, demand this"; he says, "We, he Socialists, demand it."

Some of his colleagues are inclined to deplore his self-effacement. They know that, until all he electorate is politically educated, there is alue in personal showmanship. They have taken im aside and told him so.

He listens seriously—but does not change.

He is not interested in success for himself, nly in the progress of the policy of social dvancement, which is his religion.

Only selfish opposition to that creed can ove him to bitter retort.

An elusive character, not to be summed up in phrase. Quiet, precise, dry-voiced, shy, prim, atient, serious, self-effacing . . . all fair enough but they do not tell the whole story.

The real secret of the man is to be found in he straight, clear, bright look in his dark eyes. hey are the eyes of a zealot, of a man whom othing can turn from his chosen path.

The Great Tradition

There is, unexpectedly, humour in them, too. ndless good humour.

He is the sort of man whose desk is always dy, whose fountain-pen is always filled, whose lls are always paid, and whose neighbours have othing to gossip about. One of his friends once aid, "If only Clem would go out and get roaring runk just once, we should all feel much better."

Nevertheless, for all his copybook virtues, the abour Leader has entirely escaped priggishness. e has throughout his life, in fact, betrayed a reat compassion for erring humanity. He could ot otherwise have lived in the pre-war East End.

To portray him, then, as some sections of the ress are now trying to do, as a scheming power-rabber, a Lenin-like revolutionary ready to amp an Ogpu rule on the whole population of is country, is wildly farcical. This slightly-ild man is the Little Man's champion, and his hole life has been given to the underdog.

A vote for Clem Attlee, no less than a vote for hurchill, is a vote for a *man*, make no mistake out that.

But it is also a vote for something more. hind him lies the long tradition of the workers' ght for freedom. Vote for him and you vote for obert Owen, for William Morris, for Keir Hardie, r all the great names of Labour's past.

You do not vote for a voice, but for a policy. hurchill, politically, is the thunder and lighting mpressive, even magnificent, yet serving no cial ends. Attlee typifies the power line, in hich electric force, fed from rich reservoirs of ergy, flows calmly and with steady purpose, for e benefit of mankind. Here is the question for e electorate to answer. The lightning flash, the power line? The man, or the plan?

YOUR FIRST VOTE

HANNEN SWAFFER tells the under-thirties some home truths

SEVEN MILLION YOUNG MEN and women can sway, on July 5, the whole course of British history. Yet they have never voted before!

If they act wisely, our country will embark on a glorious enterprise—the building up of a new social order. The future is in their hands.

They are asked to choose between Planning and Chaos, between People and Property, between Human Greed and Human Beings.

Posterity will either bless or curse their decision. Fate itself is knocking at every elector's door.

It is well that the Great Decision rests upon the young. They are the survivors of a world tragedy into which the blunders of their fathers hurled us all and for which they themselves are in no way to blame. Most of them have no Party prejudices. They can see with the clear eyes of youth. And they are of an age when Adventure calls and idealism is not palsied by disillusionment.

"Silly Weak Man"

Had we older voters decided rightly in 1935, there would have been no betrayal of the League of Nations, no appeasement, first of Japan and then, in turn, of Italy and Spain and finally Germany. Indeed, the international policy initiated by Arthur Henderson, an iron moulder who became the greatest of all our Foreign Ministers, would have prevented war, and saved the world!

Instead, there soon came into supreme command of our destinies a silly weak man in the person of Neville Chamberlain. He, a natural embodiment of the prejudices of Big Business, fawned on Fascism—yes, and praised it, as even Winston Churchill had done a few years before!—encouraged Franco, and because of that had to kneel almost at Hitler's feet.

These young voters may know all that. But, unless they were born in the distressed areas, they do not know the agony that millions suffered because Conservatism was returned to power.

All South Wales, and vast regions in Clydeside and on the Tyne, were dead lands. In Brynmawr, the unemployment figure reached 85 per cent.! In Merthyr, when Edward VIII visited it on the eve of his abdication, the guard of honour consisted of all the surviving Old Contemptibles of the town—twenty-five miners, every one of whom had been workless for five years, and some of whom had been on the "dole" for twice as long.

In 1938, the average wage paid in six of our basic industries was less than 45s. a week! Half our population was underfed!

Yet, when the call came in 1940, our betrayed masses saved Mankind! It was they who when, in high places, rich would-be collaborators were whispering defeatism, defied Hitler, withstood the "blitz" and inscribed their unknown names for ever on the pages of history. Without their stalwartness, Civilisation would have perished.

Well, one war is over. But another war has begun. It is a war on Homelessness, a war on Unemployment, a war on Slumdom, a war on Ignorance. It is a war for Betterment, a war for Education, a war for Health Services for All—a war, indeed, for a New Britain, in which there shall be no poverty, no worklessness and no class distinctions. It is a war to end Privilege and to usher in Brotherhood.

Winston Churchill, when the spokesman of the nation, called on our Courage. Now, he appeals to our Fear—fear of a "Gestapo," fear of "policemen." Once, he summoned us to a mighty and perilous adventure. Now, seeking to frighten us, he urges us to return to "traditionalism"—our sordid past, the "free enterprise" that was in reality exploitation, institutions the hollowness of which is now exposed for all the world to see.

I cannot do better than quote these words to those who waver:

> We know what to expect when the Tories return to power—a party of great vested interests, banded together in a formidable confederation; corruption at home, aggression to cover it up abroad; the trickery of tariff juggles; the tyranny of a well-fed party machine; sentiment by the bucketful; patriotism and imperialism by the imperial pint; an open hand at the public exchequer, an open door at the public-house; dear food for the million, cheap labour for the millionaire.

That, perhaps the most powerful indictment of Conservatism ever uttered, was spoken, in 1908—by Winston Churchill himself! But he was then a Liberal.

A fortnight ago, he asked us, on the air, to have babies. Yet, of the 3,000,000 couples who have married since the war began, only 10 per cent. have homes in which to give birth to children!

And, because Churchill, for over two years, refused to prepare peace plans because "First of all, we must win the war," the Government's housing programme is woefully inadequate.

Duncan Sandys, who was made Minister of Works by his father-in-law, is utterly incompetent to deal with a problem which can only be solved by treating Housing as a war-time urgency and by placing rebuilding in the charge of a Bevin or a Morrison—someone who will sweep away the vested interests and use our idle arms-factories for the making of housing parts on a mammoth scale.

"Free enterprise," indeed, has left us far behind other countries. Our railways are old-fashioned. Our roads, compared with the speedways and the Autobahns in the United States and Germany are mere cow-tracks. Our industries are old-fashioned.

Coal—whereas, after the last war, our mines were producing 300,000,000 tons a year, the output is now only 192,000,000 tons. And it is still falling! Indeed, unless the pits are nationalised, Harold Wilson, who was economic assistant to the War Cabinet secretariat, says we may have to import 50,000,000 tons a year by 1950!

Yet, declares the Right, nationalisation is "a dangerous switch-over."

Nearly all Lancashire and Yorkshire, the entire East End and vast areas in all our suburbs need rebuilding and replanning.

Labour has a plan for the wiping away of all these scandals.

Beaverbrook, who now mocks and derides Labour's policy of controlling the nation's credit in the interest of the masses of the nation, said very different things in 1932.

"I am opposed to the present banking system," he then said. "I want to deprive the Bank of England of its power to regulate money and the price of it, to determine credit and the amount of it. I want to place that power of responsibility in the hands of the Government, subject to the scrutiny of Parliament. Give back to the people the power which has been stripped from them by the financiers!"

Well, that is part of Labour's brave plan for the regeneration of our country.

Safeguard Your Future

Young voters—all 7,000,000 of you—go to every sort of political meeting that you can. Read all the arguments on all sides. Study the different programmes. Then vote!

I know how you will record it.

You will espouse the New Order. You will safeguard your own future. You will vote for those inspired champions of Liberty who are determined to take power out of the hands of the few to set it in the hands of the many. You will elect those who believe in a peace based on economic justice.

You will, indeed, vote for yourselves. For who can make Youth fearsome and afraid? New aspirations are stirring the hearts of you young men and women. Who, then, can stand in your way?

I appeal to your idealism, your sense of right and your faith. Transform that, by voting Labour, into a will for betterment.

Then, because of you, the New Britain may be born!

Fish? Fruit? No—flats. In Josephine Avenue, Brixton Hill, South London, two three-roomed flats were advertised to be let at 10 a.m. This queue began to form at 6.30 a.m. Eventually there were some 300 people. Most of them are young—typical of the 3,000,000 couples who have married since the war began and of whom only 10 per cent. have homes

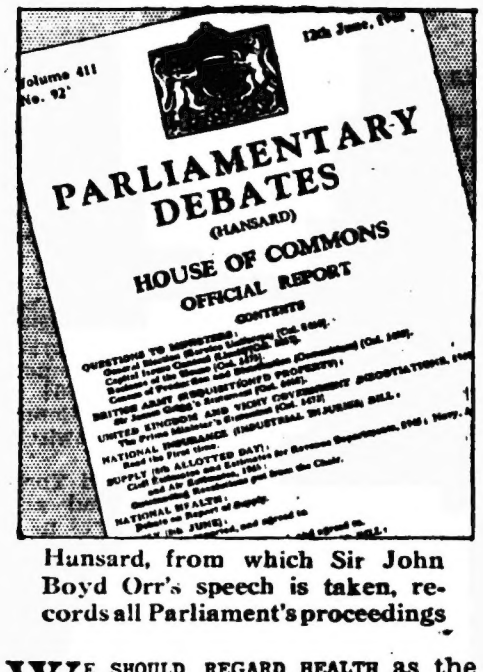
Can We Be Healthy?

We can prevent half the illnesses from which we suffer. We can add ten years to our children's life. We can increase our food production by another 70 per cent.

These answers were given by the world's foremost nutrition expert, Sir John Boyd Orr, in his maiden speech in the House of Commons a few days ago.

The "Times" quoted 263 words of it. The "Daily Herald" report consisted of 96 words, the "Daily Telegraph" printed 44 words, the "Daily Mail" and "Daily Express" ignored it in the editions we have seen.

"John Bull," regarding it a speech of vital importance to every man and woman, reprinted it almost in its entirety from Hansard, the official report of Parliament's proceedings.


Volume 411
No. 92

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES
(HANSARD)
HOUSE OF COMMONS
OFFICIAL REPORT
CONTENTS

Hansard, from which Sir John Boyd Orr's speech is taken, records all Parliament's proceedings

WE SHOULD REGARD HEALTH as the natural and normal state of human beings, and we should regard disease as something abnormal. Most of the diseases which at present afflict all classes of the population are diseases which could be prevented.

The two great aggressors of health are inadequate food and inadequate housing.

In New Zealand, a country in which there are practically no slums and no malnutrition, and in which there is social security, the expectation of life at birth is nearly seventy years. In the smaller democratic countries in Europe —Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland, where there are few slums and the standard of the working class is fairly high—the expectation of life is sixty-three to sixty-five years.

In England, where there are slums, malnutrition and other effects of poverty, it is only sixty-one years.

In Scotland, where housing and poverty is worse than in England, the expectation of life is only fifty-seven.

How Rationing Helped

I would like to refer to what has been done during the war in connection with food. When the war broke out it was essential that the fighting and working efficiency and the morale of the people should be maintained. What, therefore, did we decide to do?

We produced and imported as far as we could the foodstuffs needed to feed the people, and we rationed and subsidised the food so that everybody could get it. Special provision was made for mothers, infants and heavy workers.

Thus the distribution of food was as far as possible adjusted to the nutritional needs of the people. We produced for consumption and distributed according to needs, which should be the principle governing all matters concerned with the primary necessaries of life. What has been the result?

In spite of the scarcity of food, while the wealthy classes have got less than before and have suffered much inconvenience, they have not suffered in health. But the diet of the poorer classes has been levelled up, and the increased consumption of protective foods and the change from white bread with 85 per cent. extraction has led to a great improvement in the health value of the diet.

In Glasgow, boys of fourteen are three-quarters of an inch taller and three pounds heavier, on the average, than they were before the war. The condition of teeth is an indication of health. In Glasgow before the war only 18 per cent. of children five years of age going to school had teeth without obvious defects; now the percentage is 45.

The infant mortality rate is also influenced by the feeding. The two main causes of a high infant mortality rate are bad housing and bad feeding. In spite of the fact that housing is worse, the rate has fallen to lower than what it was before the war. A well-fed mother means a healthy infant at birth and a well-fed infant has a good chance of survival.

There are many indications of that kind showing how an improvement of the dietary of the people is followed by an improvement of health. I suggest that if we brought up the level of housing and feeding to the health tandards which are well known, and we had an assurance of a sense of social security, we would prevent more than 50 per cent. of the disease which afflicts the working classes.

We would do more. We would add ten years to the expectation of life of children born to the working-classes, and they are the majority of the children in the country.

How quickly can we do this? Speaking as a farmer, I know that we can do it with food quite quickly. We have increased agricultural production by 70 per cent. during the war and we could increase production by another 70 per cent. if we had enough imported feeding stuff and the full equipment needed to make agriculture as efficient as agricultural science could make it; we could produce sufficient of the protective food to raise the diet of the whole population up to the health standard.

With regard to housing, I was appalled to read in the housing Debate how Members talked complacently about waiting ten or twelve years before we can complete a full housing scheme. Must we say to our returning soldiers that some of them may have to wait ten years before they get a house in which infants can be born in safety and children reared in health?

They must have forgotten the enormous productive powers of modern science. In America, Canada and, I presume, also in this country, the capacity for production has increased by 100 per cent. during the war. They must have forgotten Pluto, the Bailey bridge and other great achievements of physical science in the rapid production of planes, tanks, guns and other munitions of war.

Home for Everyone

If we attack the housing problem with the same united national effort and the same intensity of purpose as we attacked the munitions problem, we can provide for every family a decent house, with at least a w.c. in it, in half that time.

If we are going to produce houses in half the time that is usually mentioned, we must organise the resources of the country.

That means a certain amount of control—and this is a difficult subject. There is a danger that controls may be retained beyond their period of usefulness. To Roosevelt's four freedoms we might add a fifth freedom—"freedom from filling up forms."

But any Government which removes any existing controls or fails to impose whatever additional controls are necessary to enable the full resources of finance, material and labour to be devoted first and foremost to providing the things that people need to lead healthy lives, should be regarded as an enemy of the people.

What we lack is a master plan into which all the piecemeal planning will fit. What should be the ultimate objective of the plans that we make? I suggest that the ultimate objective of all planning should be the welfare of the people, and obviously the first step is to provide the physical necessities for a full and healthy life.

In the past we have placed too much importance on trade. The wealth of the country does not consist in its trade, its industries, its exports, or the amount of foreign credits.

The real wealth of a nation consists of the health, the character and the intelligence of its people, and the real test of the efficiency of a Government is the extent to which it can provide environmental and social conditions such that every child born in the realm can attain its full inherited capacity for physical, mental and spiritual well-being.

Increase our Food!

Supposing we organise for this great objective and devote all the resources of the State to it, we need not sacrifice other interests.

If we are going to produce all the food we need to bring the national diet up to health standard, we have need to increase home production of protective foods from 25 per cent. in the case of some to 70 per cent. in the case of others.

Many millions of pounds must be spent on agriculture in order to make it efficient. If to what is needed for agriculture we add all the industrial products needed for housing, furniture and other necessities, the wheels of industry will be kept moving full speed and internal and external trade will increase.

That great man, Mr. Roosevelt, the late President of the United States, very truly said there are so many millions who have never been adequately fed, clothed and housed, that if we set out to provide these things there will be work for every man and woman. That is as true in Great Britain as in America.

If we set out to do this I think we will escape the frustration which came upon us after the last war, when we had children in the towns suffering from malnutrition when the land which should have provided the food was lying idle, and when we had people in the country living in poverty while men in the towns who could have made the things they needed were rotting in unemployment.

Men in the town and men in the country would all be fully employed, creating the new wealth needed for a standard of living which would enable their children to enjoy full health.

Although that policy would bring prosperity in agriculture, industry and trade we ought not to do it for that purpose. This nation should do this thing because it is right.

Twentieth-century medical science offers this solution to some of the twentieth-century problems which to me appear to be insoluble by nineteenth-century political and economic ideas.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Bogy-Bogy

"WELL, OLD BOY, it looks as if we've got the other side on the run in time for polling day. People are beginning to think they're voting for Churchill instead of for a party."

"Some of them are going to have a surprise when they get the voting paper and find Churchill's name isn't on it."

"And they seem to be swallowing the word 'National' all right."

"As for that damned cartoonist Low, he's—to coin a phrase—been laid low."

"ALL WE WANT NOW is a last-minute scare. Something really big to stampede the people into voting for us."

"Churchill has already started a savings scare in his wireless speech. But that's an old one. We might try the inflation bogy."

"Bit dangerous, old boy. It's our side that wants to remove controls, and that's likely to lead to inflation. The other side say keep controls and so keep prices down."

"Hmm, yes. A chap in Canada, George Drew, thought of a good one to use in the election there recently. He said that if the opposite lot were elected it would constitute a threat to all life insurance policies."

"That sounds pretty good. I wonder if people would believe it? Anyway, we might suggest it to head office."

"HERE, I'VE GOT a good one. We'll get the Service votes by saying that the other side are going to nationalise their gratuities and send all demobbed men to work in the mines."

"Yes, we might submit that to head office, too. We might also play up the idea that if people don't vote for us they'll have red revolution, gutters running with blood, women and children massacred, innocent people murdered in their beds—eh?"

"The violence scare is already being done thoroughly in some of the daily papers. I don't think we can better that. But listen, Churchill started the Gestapo scare—we could tip off the papers to combine it with the idea of Russian terrorism by calling it the Ogpu instead of the Gestapo."

"Wonderful, old boy! I read somewhere the other day that the things people are most interested in are food, health and sex. Let's tell them that a vote for the other side means a step nearer starvation."

"No, my dear chap. People have just had a ration cut, and it was made by one of our own men. But we might play up health."

"YES, MILLIONS of people dying daily of foul diseases and unable to get any attention because—this is a good one—the new State medical service would be tied tightly in red tape."

"Congratulations, old man. Head office, I think. Now for sex. How about saying that if the other side gets in they intend to nationalise women?"

"Er—what exactly do you mean?"

"Well, I'm not quite sure. But we can dress it up so that no women will dare to set foot in the streets."

"Just a minute, old man. I've got a real winner. It combines housing, fear of another war, Bolshevik terror, health, insurance, savings—everything! We'll start a story that to clear sites quickly for the 5,000,000 houses Bevin says can be built they have secret plans to flatten large areas in every town by flying bombs launched from the roof of Transport House."

Free Speech

READERS FALL OUT OVER SWAFFER

Useless Home Guard uniforms. Work for German prisoners. Bottle Shortage. War-minded schoolboys. Wages for black-coated workers. Forces still want books. Taxi-fare differences. Honours for carrier pigeons

I AM REALLY SCANDALISED that a journal such as yours can blatantly publish opinions so peculiarly distorted as those of Hannen Swaffer. What absolute nonsense! Thank goodness the war wasn't in Mr. Swaffer's hands or it would never have been won. As for the peace, there is one person and one only fitted for the gigantic task of resettlement and he is, of course, Mr. Churchill, at the helm of a National Conservative Government.

Though I am a Tory, please don't think I have never worked and mixed among the working men and women. I love, sympathise with, and respect them. When it comes down to brass tacks they are the most Conservative-minded folk of all. I enclose my address. — "JOURNALIST," Blackpool, Lancs.

I WOULD LIKE TO congratulate Hannen Swaffer on his article "The Great Man Trick" (JOHN BULL, June 9). And I would like to thank you for publishing such opinions.

I would like to see Mr. Churchill retire from political life and not be dragged down by clinging to a Party which is sheltering behind his prestige. He will be a national scapegoat for the Party if they fail, which is very probable.—EDWARD RANDALL, 54, Denton Road, Colliers Wood, S.W.19.

CONGRATULATIONS TO JOHN BULL and Hannen Swaffer for the excellent articles on Britain's policy towards the Soviet Union. Your outspoken criticism of Mr. Churchill's policy was spectacular in its truth. Let us have some more.—I. S., Rotherham, Yorks.

HANNEN SWAFFER SAYS private enterprise is the enemy of settled progress and well-deliberated order. How would this apply to journalism? Would it please Swaffer to have to take his orders from the "Goebbels" of a State-controlled JOHN BULL?

The working man would then probably be able to obtain his copy for a modest penny, but I doubt whether he would appreciate that. I rather fancy he would prefer threepennyworth of "free enterprise" from the pens of Swaffer and other writers to a pennyworth of tripe dictated by the State.—E. R. CROOME, 2, Banbury Villas, Llangammarch Wells, Breconshire.

[SWAFFER REPLIES: It was to obtain freedom of expression that I joined the staff of the *Daily Herald* and wrote for JOHN BULL. On most British newspapers opinion is controlled already.]

Yes—And Again No

MEMBERS OF THE Home Guard, stood down over six months ago, obtained permission to retain their uniforms. But this gesture is negatived by the fact that, according to the regulations, members are not allowed to wear or use them until after the Home Guard has been disbanded.

Meanwhile, men who would like to use their Home Guard boots or trousers for work at home or on their allotments in order to save their other clothes, must wait. Once again, War Office "generosity" has a catch in it.—G. CARR, 51, Nassington Road, N.W.3.

Hitlers Into Hitters

NOT LONG AGO I saw two householders trying to remove a tank-barrier block from a front garden with a sledge-hammer and wedge. Their efforts were painful to see.

It requires skill and practice to swing a sledgehammer efficiently, and surely the first requirement is a strong physique. To expect ordinary middle-aged householders to remove three or four cubic yards of concrete is beyond reason. I suggest that here is another job on which German prisoners of war could be used.—L. DAMIENS, 145, Elibank Road, Eltham, S.E.9.

Wasted Milk Bottles

IN SPITE OF the great shortage of milk bottles which is so widely advertised, milkmen still refuse to take back any bottles belonging to other firms.

I have nearly a dozen empty bottles left here by a previous tenant, but when

"Milkmen still refuse"

I tried to persuade the milkman to take them, he showed me a notice on his van forbidding the driver to collect bottles belonging to other companies.—MRS. EILEEN A. PARISH, 36, Chatsworth Way, S.E.27.

Philosophy at Twelve

PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS telling me that I am one of the citizens of to-morrow. I am war-minded because I have been brought up during the war. What can you do to stop that?

Well, at school we are always being told it is better to be peaceful than to fight. The children get so sick of this that they play games based on German atrocities.—F. DURHAM (aged 12), 92, Oxley Road, Harrow, Middlesex.

Black-coated Plea

LABOUR HAS A UNIQUE opportunity of gaining the "black coat" vote. But to do it they must persuade people like me — accountants, works managers, draughtsmen and the like—that they are interested in higher wages for the black-coated workers just as much as for the so-called "working men."

As everyone knows, I and my fellows have had stationary incomes, while engineers and tradesmen have benefited considerably from war-time increases.—R. W. LAURIE, 126, Biddulph Mansions, Elgin Avenue, W.9.

Send More Books

PLEASE WILL YOU REMIND your readers that now, more than ever, men in the B.L.A. need books and magazines? We are working as hard as before, and what little leisure most of us get can only be spent in writing, reading or resting.—L/CPL. F. STANLEY, B.L.A. (Address supplied. Books for the Forces may be handed in at any Post Office.)

Tropical Diseases

DISEASES CONTRACTED in Burma and India often do not show themselves until years afterwards, when some other complaint proves that the blood stream has been affected. Is it not right, therefore, that before discharge every man who has served with S.E.A.C. should be medically examined by a board of specialists from, say, the Liverpool School of Tropical Diseases and the medical record carefully filed for possible future reference?—C. L. ELLIS, 42, Moseley Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, 14.

Husband's Last Word

MY WIFE AND I are one of the many couples who cannot agree about the way our votes should go. I am mildly Conservative; my wife is strongly Labour.

She wasn't very pleased when she realised that our votes were bound to cancel each other out. But I cannot describe her annoyance when she realised that I would have the last word —with an extra University vote for Kenneth Pickthorne at Cambridge.—T. S. L., Oban, Argyllshire.

Ability, Not Income

THANK YOU FOR the stimulating interview with George Bernard Shaw (JOHN BULL, June 23). He expresses a thought-provoking idea when he says that in the ideal State there should be "sufficient equality of income to make all units of population inter-marriageable." In a few generations the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady would become sisters-in-law, and we should have a classless society where ability, instead of income, would form the standard of privilege.—J. ROBERTS, Wembley, Middlesex.

Standard Taxi Fares

WHY CANNOT taxi fares be standardised throughout the country? From Halifax to Bradford, eight miles, costs 8s. 6d. (1s. 6d. the first mile, plus 1s. a mile after). On returning by a Bradford taxi, the journey costs 12s. (1s. a mile flat, plus 6d. a mile returning empty to Bradford).

In Harrogate eight miles would cost 12s. (1s. 6d. a mile). In London the cost is about 1s. a mile. In Gillingham, Kent, 2s. a mile is charged.

Is this a case of local authorities pursuing their separate ways, or another example of private enterprise run riot?—JOHN Y. STAPLETON, 127, Queen's Road, Halifax, Yorks.

Hotel Record

THE LACK OF ATTENTION of some hotel managements is intolerable in these days when they can fill their places no matter how they treat their clients. I stayed recently at a North Wales hotel and filled in with my permanent address both the register and the special war-time form, as the law requires. Only eight days afterwards a letter addressed to me at the hotel was returned through the Dead Letter Office, marked "Address unknown."

The postal authorities had opened the letter to find out where to return it. The hotel had simply not taken the trouble to look up their register. Hotel keepers like this deserve to be boycotted when we can all pick and choose again. —W. J. GAGE, Special Commissioner, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Minor Drawback

WITH THE BASIC petrol ration in force again (bless it), I went to apply for a motor cycle insurance policy. I was told of two Australian pilots who were refused cover because they were minors, under twenty-one. In the R.A.A.F. they fly Halifaxes.—BRIAN G. FINCHER, 134, Harvest Road, Smethwick, Staffs.

Cock of the Roost

HOMING PIGEONS HAVE BEEN of such value to our Fighting Forces that Parliament should be asked to make the homer a Bird Royal, so that it may have the same protection as the swan. — B. BERRY, 7, Percy Terrace, Birkin Avenue, Hyson Green, Nottingham.

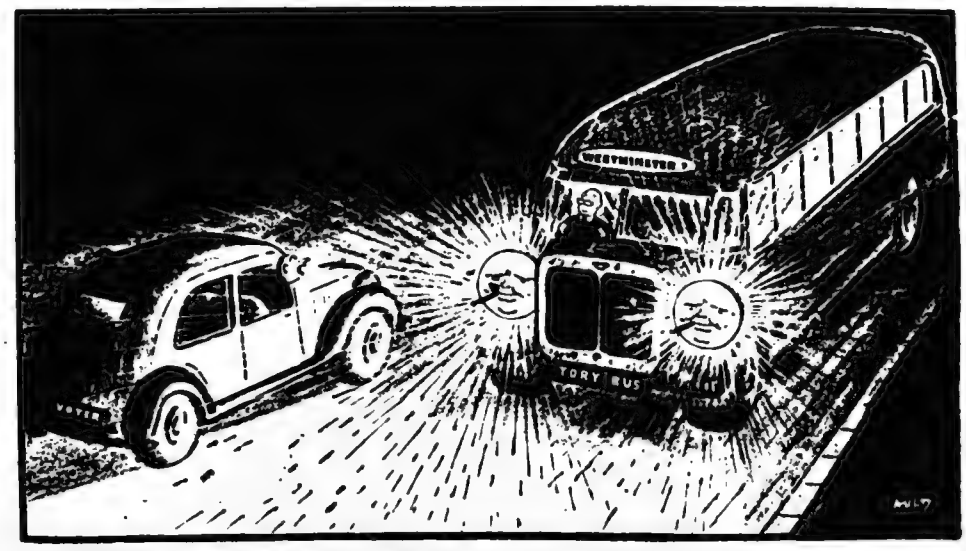
No Career for Women

THERE IS ONE occupation into which, as far as I know, women have never ventured. They have never become jockeys. Why should this be? Many

"Etiquette or prejudice?"

young women can handle a horse, and they are lissom and light in weight. Is it etiquette or prejudice that forbids women jockeys? Or is it just that no woman has ever wanted to become one? —MISS L. W., Randolph Avenue, W.9.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.



"Dim those headlights! What are you trying to do—blind me?"

John Bull Election Story

ONE MAN'S VOTE

Tom was an ordinary man who fought in two Great Wars under the leadership of two Great men. Memory helped him to decide whom he would choose to win the peace

by

MICHAEL CRAIG

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK MATTHEW

HE BENT AND PULLED on his boots and, as he laced them neatly and tightly round his ankles, he coaxed her again.

"Oh, come on, Molly. Come down to the meeting with me."

"In this rain, Tom?"

"You may never again get the opportunity to hear and see the Great Man himself."

"Hearing and seeing won't do me much good. It's not what they look like I'm interested in, but what they intend to do. You run along, Tom," she finished, cryptically.

He stood up, hesitatingly, until with a determined gesture she brought him his old mac. and cap and pushed him out of the door.

He tucked his head down against the wind and rain.

Across the market square the lighted windows of the hall beckoned him. It was packed. As he made his way to a seat saved for him by Angus Tate, here and there a voice hailed him.

Mary Tate leaned across her husband to inquire for Molly, but his whispered reply was lost in thunderous applause as the Great Man rose from his chair on the platform.

Solidly he stood before them. His heavy shoulders, bowed with the cares of State, his jaw out-thrust pugnaciously, his small eyes demanding their attention, commanding their respect.

He shifted his glasses a little and looked over them into the crowded, dimly lit hall, and his glance was humorous and kindly. As much as to say that he appreciated their turning out in full force like this on such a miserable evening.

His glance became cold and brooding. We are gathered here, it seemed to say, on important issues.

"My friends—I think I can justly call you my friends—I do not know you individually, but you and I have worked and struggled along the same path—towards the same end—for six long years."

"Look, Tom——" Mary Tate leaned across excitedly and pulled his sleeve. "There's young Stevens coming in. You'd think he'd have the decency to turn up on time. The nerve of him coming at all after the things he's said about . . ."

"Hush . . ."

The warm, friendly voice went on: "I have come down from London to speak to you. Not on behalf of our candidate, Captain Cleeve-Reece, whose V.C. proves he can stand full square upon his own feet, but on your behalf. There are rumours that this town—so long a stronghold of our Party—so long a bulwark of cold reason against the over-emotionalism of our opponents—is tending to desert its traditional loyalty. That, my friends, I cannot believe."

"What's he mean?" Angus whispered.

"I suppose young Stevens and the mob down at The Bull. You know this is the first time the seat has been challenged. . . ."

OVER HIS GLASSES, the Great Man's eyes twinkled at them, and his jaw stuck forward even further, as if to prove that he would do battle on their behalf—that he would uphold their fair name against a multitude of enemies. It got them.

He waited patiently until the shouting died away.

"In this moment, when Nature longs to lay down its burden, to rest for a while, to know the humble joys of common things, in this weary moment an election had been forced upon us.

"There are those in this country, men and women who, because of that tiredness, hope to profit. They hope, my friends, to rush you like a sleep-walker into the centre of a nightmare. . .

"But we need something nobler, something more solid than that nightmare.

"Victory will be a barren thing if we do not bring our soldiers back to active and profitable employment, if we do not raise our standard of living, if we do not build more and better houses for ourselves and our children, if we do not see that those children have a better and more equal chance in the future. . . ."

"That's it, in a nutshell," said Tom, and Angus nodded his head.

The Great Man laid his notes down upon the table.

"This is, thank God, a free country, and because of that you, the people, will out of this election choose whatever Government seems best to you. But this I ask you to remember and to weigh. There are times when opposition is essential to good Government, but this is when politics are so dull, so unexciting that, but for the Party, no one would take the slightest interest in them.

"But this is not such a time. This is a grave and difficult time for us—full of many pitfalls, many hardships. And yet our opponents, while loudly declaring their interest in reconstruction, in the betterment of the people, withdraw their leaders from our councils almost overnight.

"In this time they seek power and place, forgetting all sense of duty towards their country. I ask you to ponder this complete lack of responsibility. . . .

"My friends, I thank you for listening to me so patiently. I am, and always will be, your grateful and humble servant.

"Now I ask you to give the same wisely indulgent ear and patience to your candidate, Captain Cleeve-Reece, late of the Royal Dragoons. A man who has offered his life in the service of his countrymen—a man who turns from the tides of war to offer you yet more willing service. . ."

Captain Cleeve-Reece jumped smartly to his feet. Nervously boyish, he stood before them. For a moment they all saw how his eyes adoringly acknowledged the encouraging nod of the Great Man.

"He's a handsome lad," said Mary Tate.

"He's a bit young maybe," said Tom thoughtfully.

But on the whole the meeting was for him.

"Aye," said Tom, sitting in a corner of the local pub an hour later, "Aye, it was a grand evening. He's a likely young fellow, the captain. Spoke good commonsense for all he's from the upper top. He's the man who'll get my vote."

ANGUS SWUNG the dregs of his beer around in his pewter pot and stared into it, seeing visions. "Yes," he agreed, thoughtfully, "You can't go far wrong there. After all, Tom, they've seen us through the war and made a mighty good job of it. We know what they're worth."

"Angus, you shouldn't forget that the other side helped during the war. The Great Man didn't do it by himself." Mary Tate looked at them, proud in her knowledge. "But what I can't understand is why we have to have an election at all—why we couldn't go on as we have done. All working together?"

"That's what our Party wanted." Tom's voice held contempt for her stupidity. "But they turned the offer down. . . .

"It's the Great Man—as you call him—and not Cleeve-Reece, you're voting for." John Stevens' voice cut into their feeling of pride and well-being, his dark eyes narrowed sneeringly.

"He fills you up with treacle, right up to here." His hand swept across his throat. "And you're so gummed-up you don't know, nor care, whether there's bread or not under it. You make me sick." He brought his mug down with a crash between them, looked them over once again, shrugged and left.

"He's nothing but a Red." Angus scratched his chin in disgust. He knocked his pipe out against the grate.

"We'd better be off, Mary. Coming, Tom?"

"Not yet, lad. I've got quite bit of a way to go and I'll wait here until the rain lets up. No use getting drowned. It wouldn't make Molly any better pleased."

"They're at it again!" he shouted

He pulled up his chair to the fire and searched for his packet of cigarette-papers and his tobacco.

Thoughtfully he rolled the cigarette and neatly licked along the paper. It was funny how short and quick with him Molly was recently.

And sometimes, when he'd be talking to her, her face would grow queerly dark and bitter.

He supposed, when he came to think of it, she hadn't had an easy life. But surely it hadn't been too bad. True his getting called up in forty-one had been a bit of a blow. Having fought through one war—he'd thought he'd had it!

"You'll have your allowance," he'd tried to comfort her. "And young Tom and Frank will be sending you something."

When she'd written to him that she'd had to take in two evacuees he'd felt pretty upset.

"Don't worry yourself, lad," she'd written. "I'm doing fine. It's nice to have kids to look after again—even if they are a lot of work. We'll manage."

"We'll manage." Aye, she was a great manager, Molly. Many times, hard times, in their wedded life had she come out with that.

That night in London, after the last war. . . . She'd said it then, he remembered.

They'd gone up to town and watched and taken a small part in the victory celebrations. And, as he'd held her in his arms in the cheap rooming house where they spent that night, he'd promised her, smoothing her brow with a roughly tender finger, that things would be better. . . .

Aye, he'd been full of confidence then—full and choking with it.

HADN'T HE, AND thousands like him, heard the Great Man of that war speak of the need for better housing, the necessity to bring light and beauty and

a certain amount of leisure into the lives of the working classes?

The result was to be full employment, and homes fit for the men who had won the war. On that promise, that glad and joyous cry, a grateful people had returned the Government to power.

"He's seen us through the war," he'd said to Molly. "He's the man to see us through the peace."

"He's a Great Man," Molly had agreed, and then women-wise had gone on to talk of the little home they'd find together, the job he'd get, the future they'd plan and work towards for their kids. . . .

But it was afterwards in the nineteen twenties that he and Molly had their worst times.

For eighteen months, off and on, they lived on the "dole." It wasn't that jobs were scarce—they just weren't there at all. And how they talked in Parliament about the men being lazy—how giving them the "dole" would make them totally unfit for work—would pamper them!

Such people don't know much about a working man—nor his wife. There were times he'd felt such a worthless—useless—piece of driftwood, he prayed that God would mercifully take him. . . . But Molly, with her "we'll manage," had held them together.

Then came the year he finally got a job—at a cut-throat wage, and . . . and young Tom and the new baby girl had gone down with diphtheria.

Molly had been hysterical then.

"What chance have they got," she'd screamed at him, "living like this? In one room the lot of us. . . . Dirt and filth, no matter how I slave. . . . What chance will they ever get in such a world? Better if they both died. . . ."

But only the baby had.

Yes, they'd been mad, bad times. . . . Aye, he and his kind had been rightly fooled. . . .

They'd been fools to think that because a man talks well, because he promises you he feels for you, he means it.

"God!"

The word burst from him like an oath in the quiet bar.

Words. . . . Words. . . . Promises that he'd heard twenty-five years ago were clicking back into his memory like pennies in a slot-machine. Was he deaf, dumb, blind. . . .? A kid like Stevens knew. . . .

"We're closing now, Tom." Blankly he looked up into the face of the owner of the pub.

"Eh?" His voice was dazed, his eyes glassy. . . .

Anything the matter, Tom? You don't look well. Excitement down at the meeting been too much for you? Hear you had a grand evening. The Great Man himself."

He nodded his head slowly.

"Yes," he said, tonelessly, "I saw him. I saw him . . . but . . . but I didn't hear him . . . not till this moment . . . not till now. . . . It's hit me sideways. . . ."

Passionately he brought his clenched fist down with a crash among the empty pewter mugs on the table.

"They're at it again. . . . They're at it again. . . ."

The publican put a soothing hand on his arm. Angry eyes blazed up at him out of a white face.

"They're rocking here," the shouting voice went on. "That's the reason the Great Man came himself. . . ."

"You better get home, Tom, and sleep it off."

Tom Farrow smiled.

"What does it say in the Bible?" he asked as he reached for his mac. "Something about the lame walking, the deaf hearing and those that have tongues learning to speak. Aye, I'll go home and take the wool out of my eyes, and the wax from my ears, and weights from my tongue. They shan't do it again!"

JOHN CASHEL visited Mr. and Mrs. Swales to record how one elderly couple have been in the fight for better conditions since they were first put to work as children in the '80's

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF "FREEDOM"

In a modest semi-detached cottage at Putney, on the outskirts of London, there lives in simple and honourable retirement a golden wedding couple, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Swales.

It was a remark made by Mr. Attlee that recalled them to my mind. "I entirely agree," said the Labour leader, "that people should have the greatest freedom compatible with the freedom of others. But there was a time when employers were free to work little children sixteen hours a day. I remember when employers were free to employ sweated women on finishing trousers at a penny-halfpenny a pair."

Four Shillings a Week

Mr. Swales, a former president of the Trades Union Congress, is seventy-five, and his wife seventy-four. Over the years they have taken active part in the fight for the rights of working men and women. I knew that they could tell me plenty about the times of which Mr. Attlee spoke—those "good old days" when restrictions on employment were virtually non-existent and the few were free to exploit the many.

It was in 1870 that a little round-faced boy, later to become a well-known workers' champion, was born in the modest family of the Swales in County Durham. Until that year no child in England *had* to go to school. So A. B.'s father scraped together the few pence a week needed to send him to a Board School.

"At twelve and a half I had reached as many standards as the school provided, the highest a pretty low one as we know education to-day," said Mr. Swales.

"When I was thirteen my parents, like many others up and down the country, trying to add a shilling or two to the family income, got me into an engineering factory. I worked between fifty-four and fifty-eight hours a week. At the week-end I received 4s.—a common wage for children in those days."

Mrs. Swales chipped in: "That was more than I got. I was a shop assistant and earned 2s. 6d. a week. I worked from 8.30 a.m. till 8.30 p.m. On Saturdays I did not leave until 11 p.m. or midnight. We had no half-holiday those days.

"We were not allowed to sit down when not serving a customer. And a small fine came out of my 2s. 6d. if I let a customer go out of the shop without selling him, or her, something!"

Almost a Prison

In those days employers had freedom—to work a girl like that and pay her 2s. 6d. a week. Yet Mrs. Swales regarded her job as a comparatively good one.

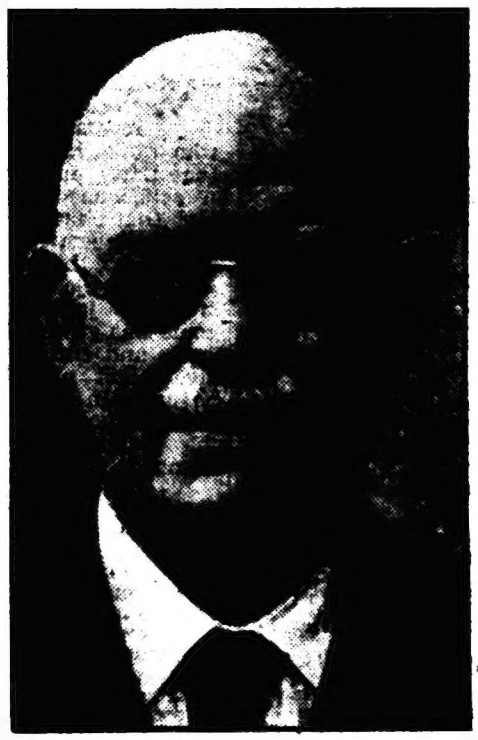
Mr. Swales took up the story again. "At sixteen I began my five years' apprenticeship as an engineer at Stockton-on-Tees," he said. "I got up at 5.30 a.m. to be at work at six. A hooter sounded on the stroke of the hour, and the factory gates were locked. If you were shut outside you lost a quarter of a day's pay. Every quarter of a day and every other bit of lost time was added up during the five years, and you had to serve that extra time after your apprenticeship ended.

"My pay as a bound apprentice was 5s. a week the first year, rising by 1s. a year to 8s. the fourth. During the final year I got 10s. a week. True money value was greater then than now, but not so much as to make that a good wage.

"And talk about Freedom. Well, look at this." He produced from a desk drawer a treasured piece of parchment paper bearing three red seals, which began with the words: "This Indenture." It included the following clause for the young apprentice to heed:

"He shall not play at cards or dice. He shall not haunt or frequent taverns, inns or ale bars except upon or on account of the business of his said master."

His five to ten bob thus protected, the young man could take it home throughout the five years to his father who, added the indenture, "shall provide the said apprentice with suitable clothes, meat, drink, tools, lodgings, washing, mending, medicines and medical attention, and all the other necessaries."



Mr. Swales, a former president of the Trades Union Congress, first joined a pioneer union in 1890 and for this action was dubbed a trouble-maker

Holidays at a Loss

Leisure? Holidays? "There were," he said, "only two recognised holidays a year, both unpaid and both religious days on which we could be specially thankful to the Government rulers who treated us so handsomely in those days of free enterprise. Bank holidays and an odd local holiday or two, all unpaid, added up to a few 'off' days a year."

Mrs. Swales chimed in: "Mothers with working children, who brought home a few shillings, were hard hit by those short-pay holiday weeks. They were always trying to make up for them and never catching up."

But the voice of the organised worker, though weak at first, was beginning to make itself heard. Too rarely do those who to-day enjoy half-holidays, paid summer holidays, decent pay, conditions and hours of work, stop to think of the pioneers to whose actions they owe these freedoms.

Start of Trade Unions

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers (which has now broadened out into the all-embracing Amalgamated Engineering Union) had been formed in 1851 to join up the old-time smiths, the steam engineers, and other similar crafts, each of which had till then its own small union.

"I joined in 1890—the 'Gay Nineties,'" said Mr. Swales. "But they were anything but gay in the North-East, at that time the cradle of the trades unionism in the engineering industry.

"Wages were so low that we trades unionists had great difficulty in persuading parents to agree to the ending of the half-time system in textile factories under which children went half-day to school and half-day to work. The half-day's work meant extra coppers for the family purse.

"Many workers went to the Sunday morning schools of the Adult School Movement which was started by the Society of Friends. These helped thousands in those days to improve their education and laid the foundations of a demand which in time to come gave us free scholarships."

At twenty-one, within six months of ending his apprenticeship, young A. B. Swales was sacked from his job for being an "agitator." His idea of freedom was not the same as his boss's.

"Character Notes"

Even after finishing his apprenticeship—though then ranking as a trained and skilled man—he had to wait another year before he could draw a trained and skilled man's minimum wage of 31s. 6d. a week. In those days, adult agricultural workers only got 7s. to 11s. a week.

Now young Swales found himself in the position which is being so highly recommended in some quarters to-day. He was free to work where he liked and for whom he liked. But it worked two ways, and for the next six months every employer in his area, free to refuse him a job, exercised that freedom.

"So," he said, "I took out a travelling card which entitled me to draw unemployment pay from my union in any town which I reached during a more extensive search for the right to work. State unemployment pay was, of course, unheard of and a right yet to be won.

"I tramped for five or six weeks in and out of towns in Yorkshire and Lancashire, but everywhere it was the same. I had covered nearly five hundred miles before I at last got a job in Liverpool.

"We were up against the 'character note' system in those days. The employers' federation got their members to keep a 'character record' of men of my type whom they considered had progressive ideas for the treatment of workers. So when a man applied for a new job he had to say where he was last employed. The previous employer would report, and even if a man's work was first-class, he would soon be discharged again if there was a suspicion that he was an 'agitator.'

The Battle Continues

"Even in later years," said Mr. Swales, "after I became an official of my union and a president of the Trades Union Congress, many instances came under my observation of interference with the activities of shop stewards carrying out their recognised duties."

Mrs. Swales packed up her knitting. It was a garment for some needy soul in the freed Europe for which we have been fighting for over five years.

But the fight for the rights of the workers of Britain, headed by men such as A. B. Swales, has been going on far longer. It still goes on.

Wanted—1,733 Winners!

SIXTH woman this year to be thrilled by a *Bullets* Friday Joy Wire was Miss M. K. Mugridge (20, Boundary Road, Pinner), a private secretary. She is our 1,479th big winner, with the effort: Mother's Ambition—"Her Own Home" Again.

Those words could have been yours—and so can any of the 1,733 *Bullets* for this week's prizes. Enter on your coupon below—and note the invitation to qualify for a double No. of *Bulletin*!

WIN a "BULLETS" HOLIDAY!

THIS WEEK'S PRIZES VALUE OVER £350

£100 CASH FIRST plus CELEBRATION WEEK-END

£20, £10, 10 of £6, 20 of £2, 200 of 2s. 6d.

1,500 MERIT AWARDS

☞ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* VE Double Number, No. 7, including historic "*Bullets* at War" Supplement.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

VOICE OF BRITAIN
RESULT OF THE ELECTION
JAPAN'S SUNSET
MARCH OF DEMOCRACY
A FULL LIFE
COMRADESHIP
MORE PROMISING
WAR IS MADNESS, SO
YOUTH AT THE HELM
PRICELESS GIFT
ONCE AND FOR ALL
PRACTICAL SYMPATHY
QUITE HAPPY
PATRIOTIC CITIZEN
LIKE OLD TIMES
FATHER'S BREAKFAST
MUDDLERS
COOL AS A CUCUMBER
WHEN AUNTIE VOTED
RISING TO THE OCCASION

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line, then make your "Bullet" as usual.

OUR FINEST.....
ISLAND OF.....
BUYING A .....
HOLDING THE.....
WON ..... HEART
TAKEN FOR A .....

Result 1,481—First Prize £250 & Celebration Week-end

A. M. CASELY, 13, DUNROBIN PLACE, EDINBURGH.

HIPMATES

OR "CUT-THROAT CREW," MANKIND?

£20 and Victory Surprise:
J. H. Howarth, c/o R.N.S. Depot, Skipton Road, Colne.

Everybody's Opening—Slit in Ballot-box.

£10 and Victory Surprise:
E. Grafton, 338, Ings Road, Hull.

Out In The Road—Street Cricketer's Last "Run."

10 of £5: G. A. Atkinson, 88, Kidmore Road, Caversham, Reading.

Thing Of The Past—See *Democracy's* "Coalition" Isn't!
N. Beatson, 28, Highfield Road, Netherton, Wakefield.

Asking Too Much—Workers, Wanting *No* Dole?
T. Bobbett, 54, Rifford Road, St. Loyes, Exeter.

Our Candidate—Preached "Security"—Lost Deposit!
G. A. Fryer, 120, Haywood Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.

On The Food Front—Encourage Pigs—Discourage "Hogs"!
J. Hesketh, 4, Skeffington Road, Preston.

Asking Too Much—Nowadays, Child's "Ha'porth, Please!"
G. Jones, c/o 272, Hubert Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham.

On The Food Front—Crisis Averted—Sonny's Lovesick!
W. E. Miles, 11, Sandhurst Road, Kingsbury, N.W.9.

Our Candidate—Go-ahead—He's "Going Back."
Cpl. E. Naylor, Somewhere-in-Britain.

Laying Down The Law—"Tries" Everyone Within Hearing.
C. Seaton, 16, Cymmer Street, Cardiff.

Our Candidate—Actor, Juggler, Contortionist—"Producer"?
W. M. Thornley, 289, Derby Road, Lenton, Nottingham.

Laying Down The Law—Henpeck—Then Henpeck's Nurse!

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 50 of 10s., and 200 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

5 CHEQUES & FOUNTAIN PENS WON IN XWORD 433.

WINNING WORDS—1. Knaves. 2. Wild. 3. Pull. 4. Dogs. 5. Tab. 6. Lose. 7. Loom. 8. Wow. 9. Wile. 10. Brig. 11. Tome. 12. Cole. 13. Bend. Band, Bond or Bind. 14. Silk.

£50 SHARERS—Sgt. G. Blanchett, Swansea; J. D. Davie, Manchester; H. J. Francis, Eltham, S.E.9; G. W. M. Jones, Denbigh; Mrs. J. H. Lindsay, Liverpool. Each in addition receives Fountain Pen as offered.

RUNNERS-UP Awards, value £25, shared between 28 Runners-up.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated July 28, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON: "BULLETS" No. 1,485, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

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2 FREE "BULLETS" With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon sish.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,485
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JULY 9

For JULY 21 DOUBLE "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 2½d. STD. ADD. ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

Epidemic of Petty Pilfering

Loophole in the new Education Act. Scheme to help building trade apprentices when they come home. Unclaimed gratuities dating from the last war

"WHY IS THERE more stealing to-day than there was before the war? My daughter, who works in an office, tells me that petty pilfering is rampant. A schoolmaster friend of mine says that children pilfer continually and seem to have little conscience on the matter.

"The subject is uppermost in my mind just now because our home was visited by burglars last week, and two days later I had my pocket picked. People are not more in want than they used to be. Although wages are higher, the standard of honesty has slumped. Can you explain this?"

The facts are undeniable. The Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of War Transport reported that on the L.N.E.R. an average of 2,400 electric light bulbs in railway carriages are broken or stolen every month. The figure for the four main line companies is about 14,500 per month. Wanton destruction had reached appalling figures.

The first and rather obvious conclusion is that war conditions are responsible. But there are two definite reasons for stealing, says Dr. Housden, who has been investigating the subject. It is done by boys and youths usually either to get more money or to provide fun and excitement.

The simplest method of prevention is to provide alternative fun and excitement, and this is primarily a matter for parents. The absence of fathers in the Services has in many cases been a contributory factor.

Agencies which can help are the boys' and girls' clubs, youth centres, Scouts, Guides, Boys' Brigade, and Cadet Corps. But the organisers of these bodies must not expel the difficult youngsters from their midst. They must try new methods of making their organisations attractive to them.

Stealing was rife during the last great war, but it gradually diminished when family life became normal. I believe the same thing will happen again.

"CAN YOU TELL ME if any provision is made for boys who will be forced to leave secondary schools owing to the increase of fees? My son is a pupil at a school which was put on the list of schools controlled by the Local Education Authority, but I have received a letter to say that the Governors are fighting to get a direct grant. This means that boys whose parents cannot afford the new fees will have to leave and make room for those who can.

"It seems most unfair to penalise boys of working-class parents. The school in question started as a charity school."

I am sorry to say that a number of schools are adopting similar tactics. Such behaviour is opposed to the spirit of the Butler Education Act, which aims at giving every boy the sort of education for which he is fitted without fees.

Unfortunately, there is a loophole through the Direct Grant schools. Fees are still charged there, and, in many cases, they are being doubled. This makes the school exclusive to the children of the well-to-do. It is to be hoped that the Minister of Education will decline to permit the change of status.

You ask what provision is made for boys who are forced to leave these schools. So far there has been no pronouncement by the Minister of Education. It is one of the "loose ends" which will have to be tied up. Until a new Cabinet is formed after the General Election we shall have to wait.

"I WANT TO KNOW what is to be done for young men in the building trade whose apprenticeship was interrupted by the call-up for the Services. After their release from the Army will they be able to continue training as apprentices?"

The second report of the Building Apprenticeship and Training Council has just been published. It is obtainable from His Majesty's Stationery Office, York House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, price 9d.

The Minister of Labour and National Service has invited the various industries to submit schemes for apprentices whose careers were cut short by war service. It is desirable, says this report, that intensive courses of training should be made available to returning apprentices, so that they may obtain a recognised craft qualification by attending a course for six months.

The Council recommend that schemes should be prepared to cover the following crafts: carpenter and joiner, bricklayer, slater and tiler, plasterer, painter and decorator, plumber, heating, ventilating and domestic engineer, glazier, electrician, etc. The whole report runs to forty pages and I advise you to read it.

X-WORD CASH, RADIO, PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. No sooner do some people reach eminence than they begin to—T□PPLE. 2. If challenged, great many men would admit their married life is—DU□L. 3. This of water is always refreshing on hot day—□OOL. 4. Gift of a pound is something, but one of five pounds is this—FI□ER. 5. There are politicians who seem to speak without reference to—□OTES. 6. You don't expect peppery, old colonel to be this when leading men—WA□Y. 7. Man who did this is likely to regret it—S□ORE. 8. Anyone using this isn't likely to overlook bill—GA□. 9. Some in audience get restive if speaker does this—□RAGS. 10. It sometimes pays to promote one—D□NCE. 11. May well recall time a man came a cropper—PE□L. 12. Great many people would have welcomed more of this during war—□EA. 13. Occasionally tempt a man to go too far—WA□ERS. 14. It may be very hard to break one—□RUST.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated July 21 with **Bulletin Double Number**, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, July 9.**

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 437, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

XWord No. 433 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

1918 Gratuities

R. V., Morecambe, and others: In order to ascertain whether your name appears on the list of unclaimed gratuities in respect of the last war, you should write to the Director of Savings, Savings Bank Division, West Kensington, London, W.14.

F. S., Canterbury: Income tax liability, whether on earned or unearned income, depends primarily on total income from all sources. In the case of a married woman, the combined income of husband and wife is the controlling factor. If the husband's income is such as to make him liable to income tax, then any unearned income his wife may have is taxable to the rate appropriate to their combined income. In the case of a widow, the relief and exemptions applicable to a single person apply, and no tax is payable unless her income exceeds £110 per annum.

N. P., Ripon: The aim of the Resettlement Advice Service run by the Ministry of Labour and National Service is to give information and advice on resettlement problems and difficulties of every kind, whether they fall within the scope of that Ministry or not. The new Resettlement Advice Offices will therefore work in close collaboration with local offices of other Government Departments, local authorities, ex-Servicemen's associations and various voluntary organisations. If an inquirer's needs can best be met by reference to these other sources of help and guidance, or require specialised treatment, the Resettlement Advice Offices will make the necessary contact on behalf of the applicant.

H. J., Renfrew: Under the provisions of the Unemployment Insurance Act, the local Insurance Officer had the right to disallow your son's claim for unemployment benefit on the ground that he voluntarily left employment without just cause. He is entitled, however, within 21 days of the Insurance Officer's decision to appeal to the local Court of Referees.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

The demand for Silvikrin preparations is greater than the stocks available and is likely to remain so until conditions are easier. So use Silvikrin carefully —make it go as far as possible.

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Joan is so *full* of fun

Always getting up to something. So high spirited too. Taxes all your energy to keep pace with her.

But in your heart you know her health is all that matters. Like all wise mothers you agree that when needed, a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' will soon correct stomach upsets and regulate the system. It is the natural treatment for children — the laxative they like. 'California Syrup of Figs' keeps them regular, well and happy.

'California Syrup of Figs'

FOR THE LOVE OF B MIKE

be as loyal to your Cycle as it has been to you. If it's "war-weary" rejuvena'e it by examining it for outworn parts. Then go and ask your Cycle Dealer for GENUINE PHILLIPS Precision-made Cycle Fitments and enjoy all the pleasures of "a change" in Cycling—both to your machine and yourself.

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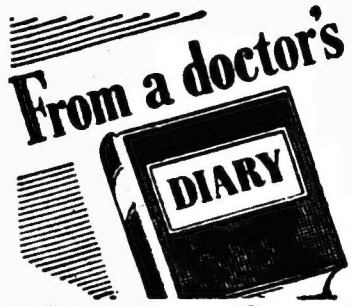


"Can you really cure V.D., doctor?"

I'm often asked that question — and I'm very glad to have a chance of answering it, because there is still a widespread impression that venereal diseases are incurable.

The answer is fairly simple. If either syphilis or gonorrhœa is treated in its early stages by a doctor who is skilled in this branch of medicine, failure to cure is rare. Of course, if anyone puts off being treated for any length of time, cure may be more difficult, and irreparable damage may be done to various parts of the body before the disease is checked.

A V.D. case is rather like a fire. The fire brigade finds it much harder to put out a fire that is well alight before it arrives, and it certainly cannot repair the damage already done.

If gonorrhœa is allowed to run on unchecked, important tubes in the body may be narrowed or completely blocked, with serious effects on fertility in both sexes.

If syphilis is allowed to continue until the blood has become positive to certain tests it takes much longer to cure than it would under early treatment — and by early treatment I mean as soon as the first signs appear. However, even if syphilis is allowed to run on until the heart or the nervous system is affected, it is usually possible to stop the mischief from getting worse, though we cannot always repair the serious damage already done. We can't give people new hearts and nervous systems.

The most important thing about V.D. is to avoid the loose living that spreads it. For those who have the slightest suspicion that they have V.D., it is vital — both for their own sake and for that of their fellow human beings — to get advice (and treatment if necessary) right away.

Clean Living is the Real Safeguard

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT are available at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. (The addresses are given on local posters.) Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. Please send stamped addressed envelope.

Issued by the Ministry of Health, and Central Council for Health Education
(VD40-16)

RIZLA News Bulletin

Cigarette Papers Still a bit scarce owing to war-time difficulties.

Cigarette Machines RECONDITION your old machine with a new band, price 1d. from most tobacconists.

Filter Tips NO SHORTAGE AT PRESENT. A packet of 100 saves enough tobacco to make 24 *Cigarettes*. Get some TO-DAY.

(Retailers, ask your Wholesalers for supplies.)

Avoid unnecessary disfigurement from

ACNE

and FACE SPOTS

Use Germolene Ointment and you will soon have a clear healthy skin again. Germolene is wonderful for pimples, acne, ugly blotches, burns, rashes, leg trouble, insect bites, and many other troublesome skin complaints and irritations. 1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

use **Germolene** ASEPTIC OINTMENT

— Soothes at a touch Heals your skin clean!

WHY HEADACHES NEED A DOUBLE REMEDY

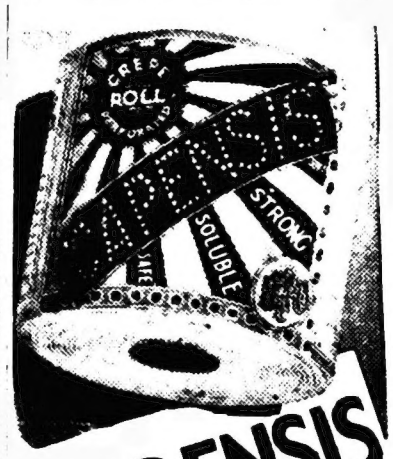
If you find that you can't get rid of these headaches whatever you do, just try Propax Tablets. Propax is wonderful for bringing relief to all sorts of pain, because it is a combination of the two greatest and safest pain relievers, aspirin and phenacetin. They reinforce and complement each other in a way that no single medicine can do, and they do not disturb heart or stomach. That is why Propax drives away pain so quickly—quicker than you ever dared to hope.

PROPAX

DOUBLE POWER **TABLETS**

Splendor Ltd., Nottingham & London

REALLY STOP PAIN



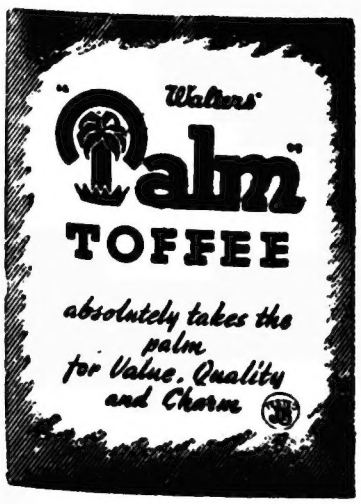
CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE EXTRA SOFT

The BIG TOILET ROLL *for the* THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock

Maximum Controlled Price 8½d. per roll



I SMELL PINEAPPLE

What *does* pineapple smell like? We've practically forgotten. But our Noses will soon recognise it when they return—unless we've got Catarrh. For a stuffed up Nose *can't* smell. And Catarrh ruins the joy of taste, too. Treat Catarrh and Hay Fever the *quick* way—with 'Mentholatum.' Just put a little of this breathable balm inside each nostril. As you breathe, cooling antiseptic vapours are drawn right up through the Nose. Their effect is 3-fold. Swelling in the Nose is reduced. Congested air passages are thus opened. Sore, irritated membranes are soothed. *Breathe* your Catarrh or Hay Fever away the modern 'Mentholatum' way. Get a jar or tin of 'Mentholatum' Balm from your chemists to-day 1/5. Also in liquid form 1.5. (inc. tax).

SELDOM FAILS *for SKIN* IRRITATIONS

An enthusiastic user of D.D.D. BALM writes:—

"I suffered seriously with food poisoning which caused me great irritation. Nothing would ease me. When I used D.D.D. BALM I was amazed at the result. I have used D.D.D. BALM for many things and have never known it to fail."—Mrs. D. M. S. Skin irritations, whether caused by food poisoning or by contact with harsh chemicals, are speedily soothed and put right by D.D.D. BALM, the modern, non-greasy, antiseptic ointment. 2/- (inc. tax). From all chemists.

D.D.D. BALM

It was worth waiting for!

RALEIGH

THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

And now you have it, take care of it, for although built to give years of service, even the best needs occasional attention. Should repairs ever be necessary be sure to have GENUINE Raleigh precision tested spare parts fitted.

RN.89a.

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD. NOTTINGHAM

CYDER

WITH A NAME YOU KNOW "BEHIND" IT

Once there was no part of Britain where you could not get Whiteway's Cyder. But Cyder, like many other things, is now zoned to save transport and labour. We can send our cyder only to certain areas, and many people who for years have held Whiteway's in high esteem, must unfortunately be denied it until zoning ends.

WHITEWAY'S CYDER ZONED

Contributions...

No. 1 **THE FIGHTING VEHICLES**

"Bullet Proof" and "Run Flat" Tyres for armoured cars and other combat vehicles were outstanding features of Dunlop production. Hundreds of thousands were made at Fort Dunlop before and during the War.

by **DUNLOP**

SH 144

Take my advice . . get some

Time and time again a skin trouble which seemed as though it would never heal, has taken a sudden turn and quickly cleared up. The skin that was sore and erupted is clean and healthy again. Days and nights of torment are ended; and all because someone said "Get some Dettol Ointment." This soothing, healing, germ-killing ointment contains in active form the bactericidal ingredient of the famous antiseptic Dettol.

From all Chemists, price 1/5, large size 3/4½, including tax.

DETTOL OINTMENT

Jutting Chin?

Chins of all sorts demand one thing—an 'Easy' shave. 'Easy' works up its lather in double-quick time. 'Easy' takes the load off your blade. 'Easy' is good for 100 good shaves in every stick. So, whatever kind of chin you're blessed with . . .

***the answer's* EASY**

SHAVING STICK

7½D PER STICK *(includes purchase tax)*

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

E 378-757-55

Andrews for INNER CLEANLINESS helps to keep you fit

See how Andrews cleanses the entire system:

FIRST . . . Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

NEXT . . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

FINALLY for Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, and relieves constipation.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

ANDREWS

THE IDEAL FORM OF LAXATIVE

Family size tin 2/-

Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.

(56-14)

THE GLOW OF VICTORY shines in our skies by night, where peril used to ride. How can we give thanks? Let us put all we have into the mighty tasks ahead. Let us build a Britain worthy of our fighting men. For that, let us make now the greatest savings effort of all! Savings are needed to carry on the war against Japan and to build a prosperous Britain.

GIVE THANKS BY SAVING

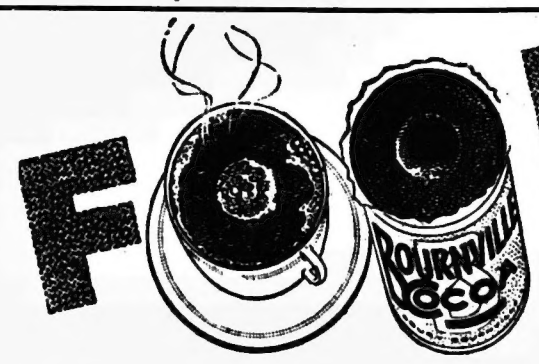
Issued by the National Savings Committee

Sharp's **SPECIALISE IN TOFFEE-**

"I specialise in Sharp's Toffee"

"IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF"

FOOD



CADBURYS

BOURNVILLE COCOA

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